

RANDOM PD ENCYCLOPEDIA - O

OLD KING COLE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Leerie, by Ruth Sawyer

Hennessy was feeding the swans. Sheila O'Leary leaned over the sill of the diminutive rustic rest-house and watched him with a tired contentment. She had just come off a neurasthenic case--a week of twenty-four-hour duty--and she wanted to stretch her cramped sensibilities in the quiet peace of the little house and invite her soul with a glimpse of Hennessy and the swans.

All about her the grounds of the sanitarium were astir with its customary crowd of early-summer-afternoon patients. How those first warm days called the sick folks out-of-doors and held them there until the last beam of sunshine had disappeared behind the foremost hill! The tennis-courts were full; the golf-links were dotted about with spots of color like a cubist picture; pairs of probationers, arm in arm, were strolling about, enjoying a comparative leisure; old Madam Courot was at her customary place under the juniper, watching the sun go down. Three years! Nothing seemed changed in all that time but the patients--and not all of these, as Madame Courot silently testified. The pines shook themselves above the rest-house in the same lazy, vagabond fashion, the sun purpled the far hills and spun the same yellow haze over the links, the wind brought its habitual afternoon accompaniment of cow-bells from the sanitarium farm, and Hennessy threw the last crumb of bread to Brian Boru, the gray swan, as he had done for the fifteen years Sheila could remember.

She folded her arms across the sill and rested her chin on them. How good it was to be back at the old San, to settle down to its kindly, comfortable ways and the peace of its setting after the feverish restlessness of city hospitals! She remembered what Kipling had said, that the hill people who came down to the plains were always hungering to get back to the hills again. That was the way she had felt about it--always a hunger to come back. For months and months she had thought that she might forever have to stay in those hospitals, have to make up her mind to the eternal plains--and then had come her reprieve--she had been called back to the San and the work she loved best.

Had the place been any other than the sanitarium, and the person any other than Sheila O'Leary, this would never have happened. For she had left under a cloud, and in similar cases a cloud, once gathered, grows until it envelops, suffocates, and finally annihilates the person. As a graduate nurse she would have ceased to exist. But in spite of the most blighting circumstances, those who counted most believed in her and trusted her. They had only waited for time to forget and tongues to stop wagging, and then they had called her back. Perhaps the strangest thing about it was that Sheila did not look like a person who could have had even the smallest, fleeci-est of clouds brushing her most distant horizon. In fact, so vital, warm, and glowing was her personality, so radiant her nature, that she seemed instead a permanent dispeller of clouds.

From across the pond Hennessy watched her with adoring eyes as he gave his habitual, final bang to the bread-platter and the hitch to his corduroys preparatory to leaving. To his way of thinking, there was no nurse enrolled on the books of the old San who could compare with her. In the beginning he had prophesied great things of her to Flanders, the bus-driver. "Ye mind what I'm tellin' ye," he had said. "Afore she's finished her trainin' she'll have more lads a-dandtherin' round her than if she'd been the King of Ireland's only daughter. Ye can take my word for it, when she leaves here, 'twill be a grand home of her own she'll be goin' to an' no dirty hospital."

That had been three years ago, and Hennessy sighed now over the utter futility of his words. "Sure, who could have been seein' that one o' the lads would have turned blackguard? Hennessy knows. Just give the lass time for that hurt to heal, an' she'll be winnin' a home of her own, after all." This he muttered to himself as he took the path leading toward the rest-house.

Sheila saw him coming, his lips shirred to the closeness of some emotional strain. "Hello, Hennessy! What's troublin'?" she called down the path.

"Faith, it's Mr. Peter Brooks that's troublin'. 'Tis a week, now, that ye've been off that case--an' he's near cured. Another week now--"

"In another week he'll be going back to his work--and I'll be very glad."

Hennessy eyed the girl narrowly. "Will ye, then? Why did ye cure him up so fast for, Miss Leerie? Why didn't ye give the poor man a chance?"

No one but Hennessy would have had sufficient temerity for such a question, but had any one dared to ask it, upon their heads would have fallen the combined anger and bitterness of Sheila's tongue. For having had occasion once for bitterness, it was not over-hard to waken it when men served as topics. But at Hennessy she smiled tolerantly. "Didn't I give him a chance to get well? That was all he needed or wanted. And, now he's well, he'll go about his business."

"Faith," and Hennessy closed a suggestive eye, "that depends on what he takes to be his business. In my young days the choosin' an' courtin' of a wife was the big part of a man's business. Now if he comes round askin' my opinion--"

"Tell him, Hennessy"--and Sheila fixed him firmly with a glance--"that the sanitarium does not encourage its cured patients to hang about bothering its nurses. It is apt to make trouble for the nurses. Understand?"

Again Hennessy closed one eye; then he laughed. "When ye talk of devils ye're sure to smell brimstone. There comes Mr. Brooks now, an' he has his head back like a dog trailin' the wind."

The girl turned and followed Hennessy's jerking thumb with her eyes. Across the pine grove, coming toward them, was a young man above medium height, square-shouldered and erect. There was nothing startlingly handsome nor remarkable about his appearance; he was just nice, strong, clean-looking. He waved to the two by the rest-house.

"And do ye mind his looks when he came!" Hennessy's tone denoted wonder and admiration.

"A human wreck--haunted at that." There was a good deal more than mere professional interest in Sheila's tone; there was pride and something else. It was past Hennessy's perceptive powers to define what, but he noticed it, nevertheless, and looked sharply up at the girl.

"For the love o' Mike, Miss Leerie! Why can't ye stop ticketin' each man as a case an' begin thinkin' about them human-like? Ye might begin practisin' wi' Mr. Brooks."

The line of Sheila's lips became fixed; the chin that could look so demure, the eyes that could look so soft and gentle, both backed up the lips in an expression of inscrutable hardness.

"In the name of your patron saint, Hennessy, what have you said to Miss Leerie to turn her into that sphinx again?" The voice of Peter Brooks was as nice as his appearance.

Hennessy looked foolish. "I was tellin' her, then," he moistened his lips to allow a safer emigration of words--"I was tellin' her--that the gray swan had the rheumatism in his left leg, an' I was askin' her, did she think Doctor Willum would prescribe a thermo bath for him. I'd best be askin' him meself, maybe," and with a sudden pull at his forelock Hennessy backed away down the path.

Peter Brooks watched him depart with an admiration equal to that with which Hennessy had welcomed him. "That man has a wonderful insight into human nature. Now I was just wishing I could have you all alone for about--"

Sheila interrupted him. "I hope you weren't counting on too many minutes. I can see Miss Maxwell coming down the San steps, and I have a substantial feeling that she's looking for me to put me on another case."

"Couldn't we escape? Couldn't we skip round by the farm to the garage and get my car? You look fagged out. A couple of hours' ride would do wonders for you, and--Good Lord! The San can run that long without your services. What do you say? Shall we beat it?"

With a telltale, pent-up eagerness he noticed the girl's indecision and flung himself with all his persuasive powers to turn the balance in his favor. "Do come. You can work better and harder for a little time off now and then. All the other nurses take it. Why under the heavens can't a man ever persuade you to have a little pleasure?" Something in Sheila's face stopped him and prompted the one argument that could have persuaded her. "If you'll only come, Leerie, I'll promise to keep dumb--absolutely dumb. I'll promise not to spoil the ride for you."

Sheila flung him a radiant smile; it almost unbalanced him and murdered his resolve. "Then I'll come. You're the first man I ever knew who could keep his word--that way. Hurry! we'll have to run for it." And taking the lead, she ducked through the little door of the rest-house and ran, straight as the crow flies, to the hiding shelter of the farm.

But her premonition was correct. When she returned two hours later in the cool of a summer's twilight, with eyes that sparkled like iridescent pools and lips that smiled generously her gratitude to the man who could keep his word, she found the superintendent of nurses watching from the San steps for their car.

"All right, Miss Maxwell," she nodded in response to the question that was plainly stamped on the superintendent's face. "We've had supper--don't even have to change my uniform." Then to Peter, "Thank you."

The words were meager enough, but Peter Brooks had already received his compensation in the girl's glowing face. "It's 'off again, on again, gone again,' in your profession, too. Well, here's looking forward to the next escape." His laugh rang with health and good spirits.

Sheila stopped on her way up the steps, turned and looked back at him. The wonder of his recovery often surprised even herself. It seemed incredible that this pulsing, vitalized portion of humanity could have once been a veritable husk, hounded by a haunting fear into a state of hopelessness and loathing of existence. Life certainly tingled in Peter now, and every time Sheila felt it, man or no man, she could not help rejoice with all her heart at the thing she had helped to do.

Peter's smile met hers half-way in the dusk. "It may be another week before I see you again. In case--I'd like to tell you that I'm staying on indefinitely. The chief has pushed me out of my Sunday section and has sent me a lot of special articles to do up here. He thinks I had better not come back until I'm all fit."

"You're perfectly fit now." There was a brutal frankness in the girl's words.

Peter had grown used to these moments. They no longer troubled or hurt him. He had begun to understand. "Maybe I am; I feel so, but you can never tell. Then there's always the danger of one's heart going back on one. That's why I've decided to stay on and coddle mine. Rather good plan?"

Sheila O'Leary vouchsafed no answer. She disappeared through the entrance of the sanitarium, leaving Peter Brooks still smiling. Neither his expression nor position had changed a few seconds later when Miss Jacobs touched him on the arm.

"Oh, Mr. Brooks! Were you the guilty party--running away with Leerie? For the last two hours we've been combing the San grounds for her." The green eyes of the flirtatious nurse gleamed peculiarly catlike in the dusk. "Of course I don't suppose my opinion counts so very much with you," there was a honeyed, self-deprecatory quality in the girl's tone, "but if I were you, I wouldn't go about so awfully much with Leerie. She's a dear girl--I don't suppose it's really her fault--but she had such a record. And you know it's my creed that girls of that kind can compromise poor men far oftener than men compromise girls. Oh, I do hope you understand what I mean!"

Peter still wore a smile, but it was a different smile. It was as much like the old one as a search-light is like sunshine. He focused it full on Miss Jacobs's face. "I'm a shark at understanding. And don't worry about me. I'm more of a shark in deep water with--with sirens." He chuckled inwardly at the look of blank incomprehension on the nurse's face. "By the way, just what did you want Miss Leary for? Not another accident?"

The girl gave her head a disgusted toss. "Oh, they want her to help an old man die. He came up here a week ago. I saw him then, and he looked ready to burst. Doctor MacByrn said he weighed over three hundred and had a blood pressure of two hundred and ten. They can't bring it down, and his

heart is about done for. Leerie always gets those dying cases. Ugh!" The girl shuddered. "Guess they wouldn't put me on any of those sure-dead cases; it's bad enough when you happen on them."

Peter shot her a pitying glance and walked back to his car. He was just climbing in when the girl's voice chirped back to him. "Just the night for a ride, isn't it? I couldn't think of letting you go all alone and be lonesome. Isn't it lucky I'm off duty till ten!"

"Lucky for the patient!" Peter mumbled under his breath; then aloud: "Sorry, but I'm unlucky. Only enough gasoline to get her back to the garage. Good night." He swung the car free of the curb, leaving little red-headed, green-eyed Miss Jacobs in the process of gathering up her skirts and mounting into thin air.

Meanwhile Sheila had followed the superintendent to her office. "It's a case of cerebral hemorrhages. The man is no fool; he knows his condition, and he's been getting increasingly hard to take care of every minute since he found out. Maybe you've heard of him. He's Brandle, the coal magnate. Quite alone in the world; no children, and his wife died some few years ago. He's very peculiar, and no one seems to know what to say to him or do for him. I'm a little afraid--" and the superintendent paused to consider her words before committing herself. "I think perhaps there have been too many offers of prayers and scriptural readings for his taste."

"Probably he'd prefer the last Town Topics or the latest detective story." Sheila shook her head violently. "Why can't a man be allowed to die the way he chooses--instead of your way, or my way, or the Reverend Mr. Grumble's way?"

"Miss Barry is on the case now, and I'm afraid he's shocked her into--"

"Perpetual devotion." Sheila grinned sympathetically as she completed the sentence. They had called her Prayer-Book Barry her probation year because of her unswerving religious point of view, and her years of training had only served to increase it. The picture of anything as sensitively pious as Prayer-Book Barry helping a coal magnate to depart this temporal world in his own chosen fashion was too much for Sheila's sense of the grotesque. She threw back her head and laughed. Peal after peal rang out and over the transom of the superintendent's office just as Miss Jacobs passed.

It took no great powers of penetration to identify the laugh; a look of satisfaction crept into the green eyes. "Quite dramatic and brutally unfeeling I call it," she murmured. "But it will make an entertaining story to tell Mr. Brooks. He thinks Leerie is such a little tinsel saint."

Ten minutes later Sheila O'Leary followed Miss Maxwell into the large tower room of the sanitarium to relieve Miss Barry from duty. As she took her first look from the doorway she almost forgot herself and laughed again. The room might have been a scene set for a farce or a comic opera.

Propped up in bed, with multitudinous pillows about him, was a very mammoth of a man in heliotrope-silk pajamas. His face was as round and full and bucolic as a poster advertising some specific brew of beer. Surmounting the face was a sparse fringe of white hair standing erect, while an isolated lock mounted guard over a receding forehead. It was evident that the natural expression of the face was good-natured,

indulgent, easygoing, but at the moment of Sheila's entrance it was contorted into something that might have served for a cartoon of a choleric full moon. The eyes were rolling frantically in every direction but that from which the presumable infliction came, for seated at the bedside, with a booklet of evening prayer open on her lap, was Miss Barry, reading aloud in a sweet, gentle voice.

Miss Barry did not stop until she had finished her paragraph. The cessation of her voice brought the roving eyes to a standstill; then they flew straight to Miss Maxwell in abject appeal. "Take it away, ma'am. Don't hurt it--but take it away!" The articulation was thick, but it did not mask the wail in the voice, and a gigantic thumb jerked indicatively toward the patient, asserting figure of Miss Barry.

"All right, Mr. Brandle." Miss Maxwell's tone showed neither conciliation nor pity; it was plainly matter-of-fact. "As it happens, I've brought you a new nurse. Suppose you try Miss O'Leary for the next day or two."

The wail broke out afresh: "How can I tell if I can stand her? They all look alike--all of 'em. You're the fourth, ain't you?" He turned to the nurse at his bedside for corroboration.

"Then I'm the fifth," announced Sheila, "and there's luck in odd numbers."

"Five's my number." The mammoth man looked a fraction less distracted as he stated this important fact. "Born fifth day of the fifth month, struck it rich when I was twenty-five, married in 'seventy-five, formed the American Coal Trust December fifth, eighteen ninety-five. How's that for a number?"

"And I'm twenty-five, and this is June fifth." Sheila smiled.

"Say, honest?" A glimmer of cheerfulness filtered through. The man beckoned the superintendent of nurses closer and whispered in a perfectly audible voice: "Can't you take it away now? I'd like to ask the other some questions before you leave her for keeps."

Miss Maxwell nodded a dismissal to the nurse who had been, and called Sheila to the bedside. "Look her over well, Mr. Brandle. Miss O'Leary isn't a bit sensitive."

"O'Leary? That's not a bad name. Had a shaft boss up at my first anthracite-mine by that name--got on with him first-class. Say"--this direct to Sheila--"can you pray?"

"Not unless I have to."

"Not a bad answer. Now what--er--form of--literatoore do you prefer?"

"Things with pep--punch--go!"

"Say, shake." The mammoth man smiled as he held out a giant fist. Sheila had the feeling she was shaking hands with some prehistoric animal. It was almost repellent, and she had to summon all her sympathy and control to be able to return the shake with any degree of cordiality.

"All right, ma'am. You can leave us now to thrash it out man to man. You'd better get back to managing your little white angels," and he swept a dismissing hand toward Miss Maxwell and the door.

Oddly enough, there was nothing rude nor affronting in the man's words. There was too much of underlying good nature to permit it. With the closing of the door behind the superintendent he turned to Sheila. "Now, boss, we might as well understand each other--it'll save strikes or hurt feelings. Eh?"

Sheila nodded.

"All right. I'm dying, and I know it. May burst like a paper bag or go up like a penny balloon any minute. Now praying won't keep me from bursting a second sooner, or send me up a foot higher, so cut it out."

Again Sheila nodded.

"That isn't all. Had two nurses who agreed, kept their word, but they hadn't the nerve to keep the parson from praying, and when he was off duty they just sat--twiddled their thumbs and waited for me to quit. Couldn't stand that--got on my nerves something fearful."

"Wanted to murder them, didn't you?" Sheila laughed. "Well, Mr. Brandle, suppose we begin with supper and the baseball news. After that we'll hunt up a thriller--biggest thriller they've got in the book-store."

"You're boss," was the answer, but a look of relief--almost of contentment--spread over the rubicund face.

As Sheila was leaving for the supper-tray she paused. "How would you like company for supper?"

"Company? Good Lord, not the parson!"

"No, me. If you are willing to sign for two, I could bring my supper up with yours."

"And not eat alone! By Jehoshaphat! Give me that slip quick."

They had not only a good supper, they had a noisy one. The coal magnate roared over Sheila's descriptions of some of the bath treatments and their victims. In the midst of one particularly noisy explosion he suddenly stopped and looked accusingly at her. "Why don't you stop me? Don't you know doctor's orders? Had 'em dinged into my head until I could say 'em backwards: no exertion, no excitement, avoid all undue movement, keep quiet. Darn it all! As if I won't have to keep quiet long enough! Well--why don't you repeat those fool orders and keep me quiet?"

Sheila looked at him with a pair of steady gray eyes. "Do you know, Mr. Brandle, it isn't a half-bad way to go out of this world--to go laughing."

The mammoth man beamed. He looked for all the world like the full moon suddenly grown beatific. "And I'd just about made up my mind that I'd never find a blamed soul who would feel that way about it. Shake again, boss."

After the baseball news and a fair start in the thriller, he indulged further in past grievances. "Hadn't any more'n settled it for sure I was done for than the parson came and the nurse took to looking mournful. Lord Almighty! ain't it bad enough to be carted off in a hearse once without folks putting you in beforehand? That's not my notion of dying. I lived

pleasant and cheerful, and by the Lord Harry, I don't see why I can't die that way! And look-a-here, boss, I don't want any of that repenting stuff. I don't need no puling parson to tell me I'm a sinner. Any idiot couldn't look at me without guessing that much. Say!" He leaned forward with sudden earnestness. "Take a good look at me yourself. See any halo or angel trappings about me?"

Sheila laughed. "I'm afraid not. What you really ought to have--what I miss about you--is the pipe, and the bowl, and the fiddlers three."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Don't you remember? It's an old nursery rhyme; probably you heard it hundreds of times when you were a little boy:

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three."

The coal magnate threw back his head on the pillows and laughed long and loud. He laughed until he grew purple and gasped for breath, and he laughed while he choked, and Sheila flew about for stimulants. For a few breathless moments Sheila thought she had whipped up the hearse--to use the mammoth man's own metaphor--but after a panting half-hour the heart subsided and the breath came easier.

"You nearly did for me that time, boss. But it fits; Jehoshaphat, it fits me like a B. V. D.! The only difference you might put down to simplified spelling. Eh?" And he cautiously chuckled at his joke.

While Sheila was making ready for the night he chuckled and lapsed into florid, heliotrope studies by turns. "It's straight, what I told you about being a sinner," he gave verbal expression to his thoughts at last.

"That's why I don't leave a cent to charity--not a cent. Ain't going to have any peaked-faced, oily-tongued jackasses saying over my coffin that I tried to buy my entrance ticket into the Lord Almighty's kingdom. No, sirree! I know I've lived high, eaten well, and drunk some. I've made the best of every good bargain that came within eyeshot. I treated my own handsome--and I let the rest of the world go hang. Went to church Easter Sunday every year and put a bill in the plate; you can figure for yourself about how much I've given to charity. Never had any time to think of it, anyway--probably wouldn't have given if I had. Always thought Mother'd live longer'n me and she'd take care of that end of it. But she didn't."

For a moment Sheila thought the man was going to cry; his lower lip quivered like a baby's, and his eyes grew red and watery. There was no denying it, the man was a caricature; even his grief was ludicrous. He wiped his eyes with the back of his heliotrope sleeve and finished what he had to say. "Don't it beat all how the pious vultures croak over you the minute you're done for--reminding you you can't take your money away with you? Didn't the parson--first time he came--sit in that chair and open up and begin about the rich man's squeezing through a needle's eye and a lot about putting away temporal stuff? I don't aim to do any squeezing into heaven, I can tell you. And I fixed him all right. Ha, ha! I told him as long as the money wouldn't do me and Mother any more good I'd settle it so's it couldn't benefit any one else. And that's exactly what I've done. Left it all for a monument for us, fancy marble, carved statues, and the whole outfit. It'll beat that toadstool-looking tomb of that prince

somewhere in Asia all hollow. Ha, ha!"

He leaned back to enjoy to the full this humorous legacy to himself, but the expression of Sheila's face checked it. "Say, boss, you don't like what I've done, do you? Run it out and dump it; I can stand for straight talk from you."

Sheila felt repelled even more than she had at first. To have a man at the point of death throw his money into a heap of marble just to keep it from doing good to any one seemed horrible. And yet the man spoke so consistently for himself. He had lived in the flesh and for the flesh all his days; it was not strange that there was no spirit to interpret now for him or to give him the courage to be generous in the face of what the world would think.

"It's yours to spend as you like--only--I hate monuments. Rather have the plain green grass over me. And don't you think it's queer yourself that a man who had the grit to make himself and a pile of money hasn't the grit to leave it invested after he goes, instead of burying it? Supposing you can't live and use it yourself! That's no reason for not letting your money live after you. I'd want to keep my money alive."

"Alive? Say, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say--alive. Charity isn't the only way to dispose of it. Leave it to science to discover something new with; give it to the laboratories to study up typhoid or cancer. Ever think how little we know about them?"

"Why should I? I don't owe anything to science."

"Yes, you do. What developed the need of coal--what gave you the facilities for removing it from your mines? Don't tell me you or anybody else doesn't owe something to science."

"Bosh!" And the argument ended there.

The old man had a good night. He dozed as peacefully as if he had not required propping up and occasional hypodermics to keep his lungs and heart going properly, and when the house doctor made his early rounds this sad and shocking spectacle met his eye: the dying coal magnate, arrayed in a fresh and more vivid suit of heliotrope pajamas, smoking a brierwood and keeping a violent emotional pace with the hero in the thrillingest part of the thriller. Even Sheila's cheeks were tinged with excitement.

"Miss O'Leary!" All the outraged sensibilities of an orthodox, conscientious young house physician were plainly manifested in those two words.

Out shot the brierwood like a projectile, and a giant finger wagged at the intruder. "Look-a-here, young man, the boss and I are running this--er--quitting game to suit ourselves, and we don't need no suggestions from the walking delegate, or the board of directors, or the gang. See? Now if you can't say something pleasant and cheerful, get out!"

"Good morning!" It was the best compromise the house physician could make. But ten minutes after his speedy exit Doctor Greer, the specialist, and Miss Maxwell were on the threshold, both looking unmistakably troubled.

The coal magnate winked at Sheila. "Here comes the peace delegates--or maybe it's from the labor union. Well, sir?" This was shot straight at the doctor.

"Mr. Brandle, you're mad. I refuse to take any responsibility."

"Don't have to. That's what's been the matter--too much responsibility. It got on my nerves. Now we want to be as--as noisy and as happy as we can, the boss and me. And if we can't do it in this little old medicated brick-pile of yours, why, we'll move. See? Or I'll buy it with a few tons of my coal and give it to the boss to run."

"When it's yours." The specialist was finding it hard to keep his temper. The man had worn him out in the week he had been at the sanitarium. It had been harder to manage him than a spoiled child or a lunatic. He had had to humor him, cajole him, entreat him, in a way that galled his professional dignity, and now to have the man deliberately and publicly kill himself in this fashion was almost beyond endurance. He tried hard to make his voice sound agreeable as well as determined when he launched his ultimatum. "But in the mean time Miss O'Leary will have to be removed from the case."

"No, you don't!" With a sweep of the giant hand the bedclothes were jerked from their roots, and a pair of heliotrope legs projected floorward. It took the strength of all the three present to hold him back and replace the covering. The magnate sputtered and fumed. "First nurse you put on here after the boss goes--I'll die on her hands in ten minutes just to get even with you. That's what I'll do. And what's more--I'll come back to haunt the both of you. Take away my boss--just after we get things going pleasantly. Spoil a poor man's prospects of dying cheerful! Haven't you any heart, man? And you, ma'am?" this to the superintendent of nurses. "By the Lord Harry! you're a woman--you ought to have a little sympathy!" The aggressiveness died out of the voice, and it took on the old wail Sheila had first heard.

"But you forget my professional responsibility in the matter--my principles as an honorable member of my profession. I cannot allow a patient of mine wilfully to endanger his life--even shorten it. You must understand that, Mr. Brandle."

A look of amused toleration spread over the rubicund face. "Bless your heart, sonny, you're not allowing me to shorten it one minute. The boss and I are prolonging it first-rate. Shouldn't wonder if it would get to be so pleasant having her around I'd be working over union hours and forgetting to quit at all. I'm old enough to be your granddaddy, so take a bit of advice from me. When you can't cure a patient, let 'em die their own way. Now run along, sonny. Good morning, ma'am." And then to Sheila: "Get back to that locked door, the three bullet-holes, and the blood patch on the floor. I've got to know what's on the other side before I touch one mouthful of that finnan haddie you promised me for breakfast."

After that Old King Cole had his way. The doctors visited him as a matter of form, and Sheila improvised a chart, for he would not stand for having temperatures taken or pulses counted. "Cut it out, boss, cut it all out. We're just going to have a good time, you and me." And he smiled seraphically as he drummed on the spread:

"Old King Cole--diddy-dum-diddy-dum,
Was a merry old soul--diddy-dum-diddy-dum."

On the second day Sheila introduced Peter Brooks into the "Keeping-On-Going Syndicate," as the mammoth man termed their temporary partnership. Sheila had to take some hours off duty, and as the coal magnate absolutely refused to let another nurse cross his threshold, Peter seemed to be the only practical solution. She knew the two men would get on admirably. Peter could be counted on to understand and meet any emergency that might arise, while Old King Cole would be kept content. And Sheila was right.

"Say, we hit it off first-rate--ran together as smooth as a parcel o' greased tubs," the magnate confided to Sheila when she returned. "He told me a whole lot about you--what you did for him--and the nickname they'd given you--'Leerie.' I like that, but I like my name for you better. Eh, boss?"

Once admitted, Peter often availed himself of his membership in the syndicate. He made a third at their games, turned an attentive ear to the thriller or added his bit to the enlightenment of the conversation. And there wasn't a topic from war to feminine-dress reform that they did not attack and thrash out among them with all the keenness and thoroughness of three alive and original minds.

"Puts me thinking of the days when I was switch boss at the Cassie Maguire Mine. Nothing but a shaver then, working up; nothing to do in the God-forsaken hole, after work, but talk. We just about settled the affairs of the world and gave the Lord Almighty advice into the bargain." The mammoth man laughed a mammoth laugh. "And when we'd talked ourselves inside out we'd have some fiddling--always a fiddle among some of the boys. Never hear one of those old tunes that it don't take me back to the Cassie Maguire and the way a fiddle would play the heart back into a lonely, homesick shaver." He turned with a suspicious sniff to Sheila. "Come, boss, the chessboard. Peter'n'me are going to have another Verdun set-to. Only this time he's German. See? And if you don't mind, you might fill up our pipes and bring us our four-forty bowl."

At one time of the day only did the merriment flag--that was at dusk. "Don't like it--never did like it," he confessed. "Something about it that gets onto my chest and turns me gloomy. Don't suppose you ever smelled the choke-damp, did you? Well, that's the feeling. Say, boss, wouldn't be a bad plan to shine up that old safety of yours and give us more light in the old pit. Mother quit about this time o' day, and it seems like I can't forget it."

The next day the coal magnate took a turn for the worse. The heart specialist and the house doctor glowered ominously at Sheila as they came to make their unwelcome rounds, and Sheila hurried them out of the room as speedily as she could. Then it was that she thought of the fiddlers three. An out-of-town orchestra played biweekly at the sanitarium. They were young men, most of them, still apprentices at their art, and she knew they would be glad enough for extra earnings. They were due that evening, and she would engage the services of three violins for the dusk hour the old man dreaded. She did not accomplish this without a protest from the business office, warnings from the two physicians, and shocked comments from the habitual gossips of the sanitarium. But Sheila held her ground and fought for her way against their combined attacks. "Of course I know he's dying. Don't care if the whole San faints with mortification. I'm going to see he dies the way he wants to--keep it merry till the end."

To the Reverend Mr. Grumble, who requested--nay, demanded--admittance, she

turned a deaf ear while she held the door firmly closed behind her. "Can't come in. Sorry, he doesn't want you. If you must say a last prayer to comfort yourself, say it in some other room. It will do Old King Cole just as much good and keep him much happier. Now, please go!"

So it happened that only Peter was present when the musicians arrived. Sheila ushered them in with a flourish. "Old King Cole, your fiddlers three. Now what shall they play?"

Lucky for the indwellers of the sanitarium that the magnate's room was in the tower and therefore little sound escaped. It is improbable if the final ending would ever have been known to any but those present, whose discretion could have been relied upon, but for the fact that Miss Jacobs stood with her ear to the keyhole for fully ten minutes. It was surprising how quickly everybody knew about it after that. It created almost as much scandal as Sheila's own exodus had three years before. Many had the temerity to take the lift to the third floor and pace with attentive ears the corridor that led to the tower. These came back to fan the flame of shocked excitement below. The doctors and Mr. Grumble came to Miss Maxwell to interfere and put an end to this ungodly and unprofessional humoring of one departing soul. But the superintendent of nurses refused. She had put the case in Sheila's hands, and she had absolute faith in her. So all that was left to the busybodies and the scandalmongers was to hear what they could and give free rein to their tongues.

There was, however, one mitigating fact: they could listen, and they could talk, but they could not look beyond the closed door of the tower room. That vivid, appalling picture was mercifully denied them. With a heaping bowl of egg-nog beside him, and his brierwood between his lips, the coal magnate beat time on the bedspread with a fast-failing strength, while he grinned happily at Sheila. Beside him Peter lounged in a wheel-chair, smoking for company, while grouped about the foot of the bed in the attitude of a small celestial choir stood the fiddlers three.

All the good old tunes, reminiscent of younger days of mining-camps and dance-halls, they played as fast as fingers could fly and bows could scrape. "Dan Tucker," "Money Musk," "The Irish Washerwoman," and "Pop Goes the Weasel" sifted in melodic molecules through the keyhole into the curious and receptive ears outside. And after them came "Captain Jinks" and "The Blue Danube," "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie."

"Some boss!" muttered the magnate, thickly, the brierwood dropping on the floor. "Just one solid streak of anthracite--clear through. Now give us something else--I don't care--you choose it, boss."

So Leerie chose "The Star-spangled Banner" and "Marching Through Georgia," and as dusk crept closer about them, "Suwanee River" and "The Old Kentucky Home."

"Nice, sleepy old tunes," mumbled the coal magnate. "Guess I've napped over-time." He opened one eye and looked at Sheila, half amused, half puzzled. "Say, boss, light up that little old lamp o' yours and take me down; the shaft's growing pretty black."

The fiddlers played a hymn as their own final contribution. Sheila smiled wistfully across the dusk to Peter. She knew it wouldn't matter now, for Old King Cole was passing beyond the reach of hymns, prayers, or benedictions.

"It's over as far as you or I or he are concerned," she whispered, whimsically. "When I come down, by and by, would you very much mind taking me on one of those rides you promised? I want to forget that white-marble monument."

It was not until a week later that Sheila O'Leary met with one of the big surprises of her rather eventful existence. A lawyer came down from New York and asked for her. It seemed that the coal magnate had left her a considerable number of thousands to spend for him and ease her feelings about the monument. The codicil was quaintly worded and stated that inasmuch as "Mother" had gone first, he guessed she would do the next best by him.

Sheila took Peter Brooks into her immediate confidence. "Half of it goes for typhoid research and half for a nurses' home here. We've needed one dreadfully. What staggers me is when did he do it?"

Peter grinned. "When I happened to be on duty. We fixed it up, and I was to keep the secret. He had lots of fun over it--poor old soul!"

"Merry old soul," corrected Sheila.

And when the nurses' home was built Sheila flatly ignored all the suggestions of a memorial tablet with appropriate scriptural verses to grace the cornerstone or hang in the entrance-hall.

"Won't have it--never do in the world! Just going to have his picture over the living-room fireplace."

And there it hangs--a gigantic reproduction of Old King Cole, done by the greatest poster artist of America.

OTHELLO

The Project Gutenberg's Etext of *Shakespeare's First Folio of The Tragedie of Othello, the Moore of Venice*

The Names of the Actors.

Othello, the Moore.
Brabantio, Father to Desdemona.
Cassio, an Honourable Lieutenant.
Iago, a Villaine.
Rodorigo, a gull'd Gentleman.
Duke of Venice.
Senators.
Montano, Gouvernour of Cyprus.
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodouico, and Gratiano, two Noble Venetians.
Saylors.
Clowne.
Desdemona, Wife to Othello.
Aemilia, Wife to Iago.
Bianca, a Curtezan.

THE TRAGEDIE OF Othello, the Moore of Venice.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.

Rodorigo. Neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That thou (Iago) who hast had my purse,
As if y strings were thine, should'st know of this

Ia. But you'l not heare me. If euer I did dream
Of such a matter, abhorre me

Rodo. Thou told'st me,
Thou did'st hold him in thy hate

Iago. Despise me
If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie,
(In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant)
Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worsse a place.
But he (as louing his owne pride, and purposes)
Euades them, with a bumbast Circumstance,
Horribly stufft with Epithites of warre,
Non-suites my Mediators. For certes, saies he,
I haue already chose my Officer. And what was he?
For-sooth, a great Arithmatician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
(A Fellow almost damn'd in a faire Wife)
That neuer set a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the deuision of a Battaile knowes
More then a Spinster. Vnlesse the Bookish Theoricke:
Wherein the Tongued Consuls can propose
As Masterly as he. Meere prattle (without practise)
Is all his Souldiership. But he (Sir) had th' election;
And I (of whom his eies had seene the prooffe
At Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds
Christen'd, and Heathen) must be be-leed, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caster,
He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,
And I (blesse the marke) his Mooreships Auntient

Rod. By heauen, I rather would haue bin his hangman

Iago. Why, there's no remedie.
'Tis the curse of Seruice;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood Heire to'th' first. Now Sir, be iudge your selfe,
Whether I in any iust terme am Affin'd
To loue the Moore?

Rod. I would not follow him then

Iago. O Sir content you.
I follow him, to serue my turne vpon him.
We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters
Cannot be truely follow'd. You shall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue;
That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)
Weares out his time, much like his Masters Asse,
For naught but Prouender, & when he's old Casheer'd.

Whip me such honest knaues. Others there are
Who trym'd in Formes, and visages of Dutie,
Keepe yet their hearts attending on themselues,
And throwing but shoves of Seruice on their Lords
Doe well thriue by them.
And when they haue lin'd their Coates
Doe themselues Homage.
These Fellowes haue some soule,
And such a one do I professe my selfe. For (Sir)
It is as sure as you are Rodorigo,
Were I the Moore, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but my selfe.
Heauen is my Iudge, not I for loue and dutie,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward Action doth demonstrate
The natieue act, and figure of my heart
In Complement externe, 'tis not long after
But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue
For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am

Rod. What a fall Fortune do's the Thicks-lips owe
If he can carry't thus?

Iago. Call vp her Father:
Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,
Proclaime him in the Streets. Incense her kinsmen,
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
Plague him with Flies: though that his Ioy be Ioy,
Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,
As it may loose some colour

Rodo. Heere is her Fathers house, Ile call aloud

Iago. Doe, with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
Is spied in populus Citties

Rodo. What hoa: Brabantio, Signior Brabantio, hoa

Iago. Awake: what hoa, Brabantio: Theeues, Theeues.
Looke to your house, your daughter, and your Bags,
Theeues, Theeues

Bra. Aboue. What is the reason of this terrible
Summons? What is the matter there?

Rodo. Signior is all your Familie within?

Iago. Are your Doores lock'd?

Bra. Why? Wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, y'are rob'd, for shame put on your Gowne,
Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule
Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Cittizens with the Bell,
Or else the deuill will make a Grand-sire of you.
Arise I say

Bra. What, haue you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rod. My name is Rodorigo

Bra. The worsser welcome:
I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
In honest plainenesse thou hast heard me say,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madnesse
(Being full of Supper, and distempring draughtes)
Vpon malitious knauerie, dost thou come
To start my quiet

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirits and my place haue in their power
To make this bitter to thee

Rodo. Patience good Sir

Bra. What tell'st thou me of Robbing?
This is Venice: my house is not a Grange

Rodo. Most graue Brabantio,
In simple and pure soule, I come to you

Ia. Sir: you are one of those that will not serue God,
if the deuill bid you. Because we come to do you seruice,
and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'le haue your Daughter
couer'd with a Barbary horse, you'le haue your Nephewes
neigh to you, you'le haue Coursers for Cozens:
and Gennets for Germaines

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Ia. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter
and the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs

Bra. Thou art a Villaine

Iago. You are a Senator

Bra. This thou shalt answere. I know thee Rodorigo

Rod. Sir, I will answere any thing. But I beseech you
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th' night
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knaue of common hire, a Gundelier,
To the grosse claspes of a Lasciuious Moore:
If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then haue done you bold, and saucie wrongs.
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleeeue
That from the sence of all Ciuilitie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
Your Daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue)
I say againe, hath made a grosse reuolt,
Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes
In an extrauagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and euery where: straight satisfie your selfe.
If she be in her Chamber, or your house,

Let loose on me the Iustice of the State
For thus deluding you

Bra. Strike on the Tinder, hoa:
Giue me a Taper: call vp all my people,
This Accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppresses me alreadie.
Light, I say, light.
Enter.

Iag. Farewell: for I must leaue you.
It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my place
To be producted, (as if I stay, I shall,)
Against the Moore. For I do know the State,
(How euer this may gall him with some checke)
Cannot with safetie cast-him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus Warres,
(Which euen now stands in Act) that for their soules
Another of his Fadome, they haue none,
To lead their Businesse. In which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell paines,
Yet, for necessitie of present life,
I must show out a Flag, and signe of Loue,
(Which is indeed but signe) that you shal surely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raised Search:
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

Enter.

Enter Brabantio, with Seruants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an euill. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is naught but bitterness. Now Rodorigo,
Where didst thou see her? (Oh vnhappie Girle)
With the Moore saist thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How didst thou know 'twas she? (Oh she deceaues me
Past thought:) what said she to you? Get moe Tapers.
Raise all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?
Rodo. Truely I thinke they are

Bra. Oh Heauen: how got she out?
Oh treason of the blood.
Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters minds
By what you see them act. Is there not Charmes,
By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidhood
May be abus'd? Haue you not read Rodorigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes Sir: I haue indeed

Bra. Call vp my Brother: oh would you had had her.
Some one way, some another. Doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

Rod. I thinke I can discouer him, if you please
To get good Guard, and go along with me

Bra. Pray you lead on. At euery house Ile call,
(I may command at most) get Weapons (hoa)
And raise some speciall Officers of might:

On good Rodorigo, I will deserue your paines.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

Ia. Though in the trade of Warre I haue slaine men,
Yet do I hold it very stuffe o'th' conscience
To do no contriu'd Murder: I lacke Iniquitie
Sometime to do me seruice. Nine, or ten times
I had thought t'haue yerke'd him here vnder the Ribbes

Othello. 'Tis better as it is

Iago. Nay but he prated,
And spoke such scuruy, and prouoking termes
Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I haue
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you Sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belou'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potentiall
As double as the Dukes: He will diuorce you.
Or put vpon you, what restraint or greeuance,
The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will giue him Cable

Othel. Let him do his spight;
My Seruices, which I haue done the Signorie
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boasting is an Honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites
May speake (vnbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune
As this that I haue reach'd. For know Iago,
But that I loue the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my vnhouse'd free condition
Put into Circumscription, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Cassio, with Torches.

Iago. Those are the raised Father, and his Friends:
You were best go in

Othel. Not I: I must be found.
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Ianus, I thinke no

Othel. The Seruants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodnesse of the Night vpon you (Friends)
What is the Newes?

Cassio. The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haste, Post-haste appearance,
Euen on the instant

Othello. What is the matter, thinke you?

Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may diuine:
It is a businesse of some heate. The Gallies
Haue sent a dozen sequent Messengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You haue bin hotly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three seuerall Quests,
To search you out

Othel. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And goe with you

Cassio. Aunciant, what makes he heere?

Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carract,
If it proue lawfull prize, he's made for euer

Cassio. I do not vnderstand

Iago. He's married

Cassio. To who?

Iago. Marry to- Come Captaine, will you go?

Othel. Haue with you

Cassio. Here comes another Troope to seeke for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago. It is Brabantio: Generall be aduis'd,
He comes to bad intent

Othello. Holla, stand there

Rodo. Signior, it is the Moore

Bra. Downe with him, Theefe

Iago. You, Rodorigo? Come Sir, I am for you

Othe. Keepe vp your bright Swords, for the dew will
rust them. Good Signior, you shall more command with
yeares, then with your Weapons

Bra. Oh thou foule Theefe,
Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchaunted her
For Ile referre me to all things of sense,
(If she in Chaines of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid, so tender, Faire, and Happie,
So opposite to Marriage, that she shun'd
The wealthy curled Deareling of our Nation,
Would euer haue (t' encurre a generall mocke)
Run from her Guardage to the sootie bosome,
Of such a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?
Iudge me the world, if 'tis not grosse in sense,

That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charmes,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion. Ile haue't disputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the World, a practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold vpon him, if he do resist
Subdue him, at his perill

Othe. Hold your hands
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my Cue to fight, I should haue knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To answeare this your charge?

Bra. To Prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer

Othe. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfi'd,
Whose Messengers are heere about my side,
Vpon some present businesse of the State,
To bring me to him

Officer. 'Tis true most worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for

Bra. How? The Duke in Counsell?
In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle Cause. The Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:
For if such Actions may haue passage free,
Bond-slaues, and Pagans shall our Statesmen be.

Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There's no composition in this Newes,
That giues them Credite

1.Sen. Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My Letters say, a Hundred and seuen Gallies

Duke. And mine a Hundred fortie

2.Sena. And mine two Hundred:
But though they iumpe not on a iust accompt,
(As in these Cases where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirme
A Turkish Fleete, and bearing vp to Cyprus

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement:
I do not so secure me in the Error,

But the maine Article I do approue
In fearefull sense

Saylor within. What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.

Enter Saylor.

Officer. A Messenger from the Gallies

Duke. Now? What's the businesse?

Sailor. The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior Angelo

Duke. How say you by this change?

1.Sen. This cannot be

By no assay of reason. 'Tis a Pageant
To keepe vs in false gaze, when we consider
Th' importancie of Cyprus to the Turke;
And let our selues againe but vnderstand,
That as it more concernes the Turke then Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question beare it,
For that it stands not in such Warrelike brace,
But altogether lackes th' abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
We must not thinke the Turke is so vnskillfull,
To leaue that latest, which concernes him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gaine
To wake, and wage a danger profitlesse

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes

Officer. Here is more Newes.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. The Ottamites, Reueren'd, and Gracious,
Steering with due course toward the Ile of Rhodes,
Haue there inioynted them with an after Fleete

1.Sen. I, so I thought: how many, as you guesse?

Mess. Of thirtie Saile: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trustie and most Valiant Seruitour,
With his free dutie, recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleeeue him

Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:
Marcus Luccicos is not he in Towne?

1.Sen. He's now in Florence

Duke. Write from vs,
To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch

1.Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the Valiant Moore.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you,
Against the generall Enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you: welcome gentle Signior,
We lack't your Counsaile, and your helpe to night

Bra. So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the generall care
Take hold on me. For my perticular grieffe
Is of so flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,
That it englutts, and swallowes other sorrowes,
And it is still it selfe

Duke. Why? What's the matter?

Bra. My Daughter: oh my Daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. I, to me.

She is abus'd, stolne from me, and corrupted
By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature, so prepostrously to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)
Sans witch-craft could not

Duke. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selfe,
And you of her; the bloodie Booke of Law,
You shall your selfe read, in the bitter letter,
After your owne sense: yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your Action

Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace,
Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your speciall Mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought

All. We are verie sorry for't

Duke. What in your owne part, can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so

Othe. Most Potent, Graue, and Reueren'd Signiors,
My very Noble, and approu'd good Masters;
That I haue tane away this old mans Daughter,
It is most true: true I haue married her;
The verie head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I, in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of Peace;
For since these Armes of mine, had seuen yeares pith,
Till now, some nine Moones wasted, they haue vs'd
Their deerest action, in the Tented Field:
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to Feats of Broiles, and Battaile,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my selfe. Yet, (by your gracious patience)
I will a round vn-varnish'd Tale deliuer,
Of my whole course of Loue.
What Drugges, what Charmes,
What Coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withall)

I won his Daughter

Bra. A Maiden, neuer bold:
Of Spirit so still, and quiet, that her Motion
Blush'd at her selfe, and she, in spight of Nature,
Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, euery thing
To fall in Loue, with what she fear'd to looke on;
It is a iudgement main'd, and most imperfect.
That will confesse Perfection so could erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driuen
To find out practises of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch againe,
That with some Mixtures, powrefull o're the blood,
Or with some Dram, (coniu'r'd to this effect)
He wrought vpon her.
To vouch this, is no prooffe,
Without more wider, and more ouer Test
Then these thin habits, and poore likely-hoods
Of moderne seeming, do prefer against him

Sen. But Othello, speake,
Did you, by indirect, and forced courses
Subdue, and poyson this yong Maides affections?
Or came it by request, and such faire question
As soule, to soule affordeth?

Othel. I do beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary,
And let her speake of me before her Father;
If you do finde me foule, in her report,
The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your Sentence
Euen fall vpon my life

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither

Othe. Aunciant, conduct them:
You best know the place.
And tell she come, as truely as to heauen,
I do confesse the vices of my blood,
So iustly to your Graue eares, Ile present
How I did thriue in this faire Ladies loue,
And she in mine

Duke. Say it Othello

Othe. Her Father lou'd me, oft inuited me:
Still question'd me the Storie of my life,
From yeare to yeare: the Battaile, Sieges, Fortune,
That I haue past.
I ran it through, euen from my boyish daies,
Toth' very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:
Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of haire-breadth scapes i'th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,
And sold to slavery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Trauellours historie.
Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heauen,

It was my hint to speake. Such was my Processe,
And of the Canibals that each others eate,
The Antropophage, and men whose heads
Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to heare,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house Affaires would draw her hence:
Which euer as she could with haste dispatch,
She'l'd come againe, and with a greedie eare
Deuoure vp my discourse. Which I obseruing,
Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not instinctiuelly: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did speake of some distressefull stroke
That my youth suffer'd: My Storie being done,
She gaue me for my paines a world of kisses:
She swore in faith 'twas strange: 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That Heauen had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my Story,
And that would wooe her. Vpon this hint I spake,
She lou'd me for the dangers I had past,
And I lou'd her, that she did pittie them.
This onely is the witch-craft I haue vs'd.
Here comes the Ladie: Let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.

Duke. I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good Brabantio, take vp this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken Weapons rather vse,
Then their bare hands

Bra. I pray you heare her speake?
If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Mistris,
Do you perceiue in all this Noble Companie,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My Noble Father,
I do perceiue heere a diuided dutie.
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do learne me,
How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband;
And so much dutie, as my Mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that I may professe
Due to the Moore my Lord

Bra. God be with you: I haue done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
Come hither Moore;
I here do giue thee that with all my heart,

Which but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your sake (Iewell)
I am glad at soule, I haue no other Child,
For thy escape would teach me Tirranie
To hang clogges on them. I haue done my Lord

Duke. Let me speake like your selfe:
And lay a Sentence,
Which as a grise, or step may helpe these Louers.
When remedies are past, the griefes are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourne a Mischeefe that is past and gon,
Is the next way to draw new mischiefe on.
What cannot be preseru'd, when Fortune takes:
Patience, her Iniury a mock'ry makes.
The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the Thiefe,
He robs himselfe, that spends a bootelesse grieve

Bra. So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,
We loose it not so long as we can smile:
He beares the Sentence well, that nothing beares,
But the free comfort which from thence he heares.
But he beares both the Sentence, and the sorrow,
That to pay griefe, must of poore Patience borrow.
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both sides, are Equiuocall.
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare:
That the bruized heart was pierc'd through the eares.
I humbly beseech you proceed to th' Affaires of State

Duke. The Turke with a most mighty Preparation
makes for Cyprus: Othello, the Fortitude of the place is
best knowne to you. And though we haue there a Substitute
of most allowed sufficiencie; yet opinion, a more
soueraigne Mistris of Effects, throwes a more safer
voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber
the glosse of your new Fortunes, with this more stubborne,
and boystrous expedition

Othe. The Tirant Custome, most Graue Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre
My thrice-driuen bed of Downe. I do agnize
A Naturall and prompt Alacratie,
I finde in hardnesse: and do vndertake
This present Warres against the Ottamites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
I craue fit disposition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
With such Accomodation and besort
As leuels with her breeding

Duke. Why at her Fathers?
Bra. I will not haue it so

Othe. Nor I

Des. Nor would I there recide,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most Gracious Duke,

To my vnfoldng, lend your prosperous eare,
And let me finde a Charter in your voice
T' assist my simplenesse

Duke. What would you Desdemona?

Des. That I loue the Moore, to liue with him,
My downe-right violence, and storme of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
Euen to the very quality of my Lord;
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my soule and Fortunes consecrate.
So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I loue him, are bereft me:
And I a heauie interim shall support
By his deere absence. Let me go with him

Othe. Let her haue your voice.

Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not
To please the pallate of my Appetite:
Nor to comply with heat the yong affects
In my defunct, and proper satisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
And Heauen defend your good soules, that you thinke
I will your serious and great businesse scant
When she is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd Cupid, seele with wanton dulnesse
My speculatiue, and offic'd Instrument:
That my Disports corrupt, and taint my businesse:
Let House-wiues make a Skillet of my Helme,
And all indigne, and base aduersities,
Make head against my Estimation

Duke. Be it as you shall priuately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: th' Affaire cries hast:
And speed must answer it

Sen. You must away to night

Othe. With all my heart

Duke. At nine i'th' morning, here wee'll meete againe.
Othello, leaue some Officer behind
And he shall our Commission bring to you:
And such things else of qualitie and respect
As doth import you

Othe. So please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conueyance I assigne my wife,
With what else needfull, your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me

Duke. Let it be so:
Good night to euery one. And Noble Signior,
If Vertue no delighted Beautie lacke,
Your Son-in-law is farre more Faire then Blacke

Sen. Adieu braue Moore, vse Desdemona well

Bra. Looke to her (Moore) if thou hast eies to see:
She ha's deceiu'd her Father, and may thee.
Enter.

Othe. My life vpon her faith. Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leaue to thee:
I prythee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best aduantage.
Come Desdemona, I haue but an houre
Of Loue, of wordly matter, and direction
To spend with thee. We must obey the time.
Enter.

Rod. Iago

Iago. What saist thou Noble heart?
Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?
Iago. Why go to bed and sleepe

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my selfe

Iago. If thou do'st, I shall neuer loue thee after. Why
thou silly Gentleman?

Rod. It is sillynesse to liue, when to liue is torment:
and then haue we a prescription to dye, when death is
our Physition

Iago. Oh villanous: I haue look'd vpon the world
for foure times seuen yeares, and since I could distinguish
betwixt a Benefit, and an Iniurie: I neuer found man that
knew how to loue himselfe. Ere I would say, I would
drowne my selfe for the loue of a Gynney Hen, I would
change my Humanity with a Baboone

Rod. What should I do? I confesse it is my shame
to be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it

Iago. Vertue? A figge, 'tis in our selues that we are
thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which,
our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Nettels,
or sowe Lettice: Set Hisope, and weede vp Time:
Supplie it with one gender of Hearbes, or distract it with
many: either to haue it sterrill with idlenesse, or manured
with Industry, why the power, and Corrigeable authoritie
of this lies in our Wills. If the braine of our liues
had not one Scale of Reason, to poize another of Sensualitie,
the blood, and basenesse of our Natures would
conduct vs to most prepostrous Conclusions. But we
haue Reason to coole our raging Motions, our carnall
Stings, or vnbitted Lusts: whereof I take this, that you
call Loue, to be a Sect, or Seyen

Rod. It cannot be

Iago. It is meerly a Lust of the blood, and a permission
of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy selfe? Drown
Cats, and blind Puppies. I haue profest me thy Friend,

and I confesse me knit to thy deseruing, with Cables of
perdurable toughnesse. I could neuer better steed thee
then now. Put Money in thy purse: follow thou the
Warres, defeate thy fauour, with an vsurp'd Beard. I say
put Money in thy purse. It cannot be long that Desdemona
should continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in
thy purse: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commencement
in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Sequestration,
put but Money in thy purse. These Moores
are changeable in their wils: fill thy purse with Money.
The Food that to him now is as lushious as Locusts,
shalbe to him shortly, as bitter as Coloquintida. She
must change for youth: when she is sated with his body
she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Money
in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damne thy selfe, do
it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Money
thou canst: If Sanctimonie, and a fraile vow, betwixt
an erring Barbarian, and super-subtle Venetian be
not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou
shalt enioy her: therefore make Money: a pox of drowning
thy selfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou rather
to be hang'd in Compassing thy ioy, then to be
drown'd, and go without her

Rodo. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on
the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me: Go make Money: I haue
told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe, I
hate the Moore. My cause is hearted; thine hath no lesse
reason. Let vs be coniunctiue in our reuenge, against
him. If thou canst Cuckold him, thou dost thy selfe a
pleasure, me a sport. There are many Euent in the
Wombe of Time, which wilbe deliuered. Trauerse, go,
prouide thy Money. We will haue more of this to morrow.
Adieu

Rod. Where shall we meete i'th' morning?

Iago. At my Lodging

Rod. Ile be with thee betimes

Iago. Go too, farewell. Do you heare Rodorigo?

Rod. Ile sell all my Land.

Enter.

Iago. Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
If I would time expend with such Snipe,
But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
She ha's done my Office. I know not if't be true,
But I, for meere suspition in that kinde,
Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him:
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now,
To get his Place, and to plume vp my will
In double Knauery. How? How? Let's see.
After some time, to abuse Othello's eares,
That he is too familiar with his wife:

He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected: fram'd to make women false.
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,
That thinkes men honest, that but seeme to be so,
And will as tenderly be lead by 'th' Nose
As Asses are:
I hau't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,
Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the Cape, can you discern at Sea?

1. Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine,
Descry a Saile

Mon. Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements:
If it hath ruffiand so vpon the Sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them,
Can hold the Morties. What shall we heare of this?

2 A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet:
For do but stand vpon the Foaming Shore,
The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the Clouds,
The winde-shak'd-Surge, with high & monstrous Maine
Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare,
And quench the Guards of th' euer-fixed Pole:
I neuer did like mollestation view
On the enchafed Flood

Men. If that the Turkish Fleete
Be not enshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to beare it out.
Enter a Gentleman.

3 Newes Laddes: our warres are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes,
That their designement halts. A Noble ship of Venice,
Hath seene a greeuous wracke and sufferance
On most part of their Fleet

Mon. How? Is this true?

3 The Ship is heere put in: A Verennessa, Michael Cassio
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, Othello,
Is come on Shore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission heere for Cyprus

Mon. I am glad on't:
'Tis a worthy Gouvernour

3 But this same Cassio, though he speake of comfort,
Touching the Turkish losse, yet he lookes sadly,
And praye the Moore be safe; for they were parted
With fowle and violent Tempest

Mon. Pray Heauens he be:
For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands

Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side (hoa)
As well to see the Vessell that's come in,
As to throw-out our eyes for braue Othello,
Euen till we make the Maine, and th' Eriall blew,
An indistinct regard

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For euery Minute is expectancie
Of more Arriuancie.
Enter Cassio.

Cassi. Thankes you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,
That so approue the Moore: Oh let the Heauens
Giue him defence against the Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous Sea

Mon. Is he well ship'd?
Cassio. His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot
Of verie expert, and approu'd Allowance;
Therefore my hope's (not surfetted to death)
Stand in bold Cure

Within. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile

Cassio. What noise?
Gent. The Towne is empty; on the brow o'th' Sea
Stand rankes of People and they cry, a Saile

Cassio. My hopes do shape him for the Gouvernor

Gent. They do discharge their Shot of Courtesie,
Our Friends, at least

Cassio. I pray you Sir, go forth,
And giue vs truth who 'tis that is arriu'd

Gent. I shall.
Enter.

Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?
Cassio. Most fortunately: he hath atchieu'd a Maid
That paragons description, and wilde Fame:
One that excels the quirkes of Blazoning pens,
And in th' essentiall Vesture of Creation,
Do's tyre the Ingeniuer.
Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who ha's put in?

Gent. 'Tis one Iago, Auncient to the Generall

Cassio. Ha's had most fauourable, and happie speed:
Tempests themselues, high Seas, and howling windes,
The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to enclogge the guiltlesse Keele,
As hauing sence of Beautie, do omit
Their mortall Natures, letting go safely by
The Diuine Desdemona

Mon. What is she?

Cassio. She that I spake of:
Our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,
Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts,
A Senights speed. Great Ioue, Othello guard,
And swell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loues quicke pants in Desdemonaes Armes,
Giue renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Aemilia.

Oh behold,
The Riches of the Ship is come on shore:
You men of Cyprus, let her haue your knees.
Haile to thee Ladie: and the grace of Heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand
Enwheelee thee round

Des. I thanke you, Valiant Cassio,
What tydings can you tell of my Lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriu'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly heere

Des. Oh, but I feare:
How lost you company?

Cassio. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies
Parted our fellowship. But hearke, a Saile

Within. A Saile, a Saile

Gent. They giue this greeting to the Cittadell:
This likewise is a Friend

Cassio. See for the Newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Mistris:
Let it not gaule your patience (good Iago)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold shew of Curtesie

Iago. Sir, would she giue you so much of her lippes,
As of her tongue she oft bestowes on me,
You would haue enough

Des. Alas: she ha's no speech

Iago. Infaith too much:
I finde it still, when I haue leaue to sleepe.
Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking

aemil. You haue little cause to say so

Iago. Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of
doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cats in your Kitchens:
Saints in your Iniuries: Diuels being offended:
Players in your Huswiferie, and Huswiues in your
Beds

Des. Oh, fie vpon thee, Slanderer

Iago. Nay, it is true: or else I am a Turke,
You rise to play, and go to bed to worke.
Aemil. You shall not write my praise

Iago. No, let me not

Desde. What would'st write of me, if thou should'st
praise me?

Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too't,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall

Des. Come on, assay.
There's one gone to the Harbour?
Iago. I Madam

Des. I am not merry: but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my inuention comes
from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes
out Braines and all. But my Muse labours, and thus she
is deliuer'd.
If she be faire, and wise: fairenesse, and wit,
The ones for vse, the other vseth it

Des. Well prais'd:
How if she be Blacke and Witty?

Iago. If she be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,
She'll find a white, that shall her blacknesse fit

Des. Worse, and worse.
Aemil. How if Faire, and Foolish?

Iago. She neuer yet was foolish that was faire,
For euen her folly helpt her to an heire

Desde. These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles
laugh i'th' Alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou
for her that's Foule, and Foolish

Iago. There's none so foule and foolish thereunto,
But do's foule pranks, which faire, and wise-ones do

Desde. Oh heauy ignorance: thou praisest the worst
best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deseruing
woman indeed? One, that in the authorithy of her
merit, did iustly put on the vouch of very malice it
selfe

Iago. She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,
Had Tongue at will, and yet was neuer loud:
Neuer lackt Gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may.
She that being angred, her reuenge being nie,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flie:
She that in wisdom neuer was so fraile,
To change the Cods-head for the Salmons taile:

She that could thinke, and neu'r disclose her mind,
See Suitors following, and not looke behind:
She was a wight, (if euer such wightes were)

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle Fooles, and chronicle small Beere

Desde. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion. Do
not learne of him aemillia, though he be thy husband.
How say you (Cassio) is he not a most prophane, and liberall
Counsailor?

Cassio. He speakes home (Madam) you may rellish
him more in the Souldier, then in the Scholler

Iago. He takes her by the palme: I, well said, whisper.
With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great
a Fly as Cassio. I smile vpon her, do: I will giue thee
in thine owne Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed.
If such tricks as these strip you out of your Lieutenantrie,
it had beene better you had not kiss'd your three fingers
so oft, which now againe you are most apt to play
the Sir, in. Very good: well kiss'd, and excellent Curtsie:
'tis so indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your
lippes? Would they were Cluster-pipes for your
sake.

The Moore I know his Trumpet

Cassio. 'Tis truely so

Des. Let's meete him, and recieue him

Cassio. Loe, where he comes.
Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O, my faire Warriour

Des. My deere Othello

Othe. It giues me wonder great, as my content
To see you heere before me.
Oh my Soules Ioy:
If after euery Tempest, come such Calmes,
May the windes blow, till they haue waken'd death:
And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas
Olympus high: and duck againe as low,
As hell's from Heauen. If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be most happy. For I feare,
My Soule hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeedes in vnknowne Fate

Des. The Heauens forbid
But that our Loues
And Comforts should encrease
Euen as our dayes do grow

Othe. Amen to that (sweet Powers)
I cannot speake enough of this content,
It stoppes me heere: it is too much of ioy.
And this, and this the greatest discords be

That ere our hearts shall make

Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now: But Ile set downe
the peggs that make this Musicke, as honest as I am

Othe. Come: let vs to the Castle.
Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:
The Turkes are drown'd.
How do's my old Acquaintance of this Isle?
(Hony) you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I haue found great loue among'st them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I doate
In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good Iago,
Go to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers:
Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell,
He is a good one, and his worthynesse
Do's challenge much respect. Come Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour.
Come thither, if thou be'st Valiant, (as they say base men
being in Loue, haue then a Nobilitie in their Natures,
more then is natiue to them) list-me; the Lieutenant to
night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell
thee this: Desdemona, is directly in loue with him

Rod. With him? Why, 'tis not possible

Iago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy soule be instructed.
Marke me with what violence she first lou'd
the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical
lies. To loue him still for prating, let not thy discreet
heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight
shall she haue to looke on the diuell? When the Blood
is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a
game to enflame it, and to giue Satiety a fresh appetite.
Louelinesse in fauour, simpathy in yeares, Manners,
and Beauties: all which the Moore is defectiue in. Now
for want of these requir'd Conueniences, her delicate
tendernesse will finde it selfe abus'd, begin to heaue the,
gorge, disrellish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature wil
instruct her in it, and compell her to some second choice.
Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and vnforc'd
position) who stands so eminent in the degree of
this Fortune, as Cassio do's: a knaue very voluble: no
further conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme
of Ciuill, and Humaine seeming, for the better compasse
of his salt, and most hidden loose Affection? Why none,
why none: A slipper, and subtle knaue, a finder of occasion:
that he's an eye can stampe, and counterfeit Aduantages,
though true Aduantage neuer present it selfe.
A diuelish knaue: besides, the knaue is handsome, young:
and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and greene
mindes looke after. A pestilent compleat knaue, and the
woman hath found him already

Rodo. I cannot beleeeue that in her, she's full of most

bless'd condition

Iago. Bless'd figges-end. The Wine she drinkes is made of grapes. If shee had beene bless'd, shee would neuer haue lou'd the Moore: Bless'd pudding. Didst thou not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didst not marke that?

Rod. Yes, that I did: but that was but curtesie

Iago . Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and obscure prologue to the History of Lust and foule Thoughts. They met so neere with their lippes, that their breathes embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts Rodorigo, when these mutabilities so marshall the way, hard at hand comes the Master, and maine exercise, th' incorporate conclusion: Pish. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I haue brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for the Command, Ile lay't vpon you. Cassio knowes you not: Ile not be farre from you. Do you finde some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more fauorably minister

Rod. Well

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sodaine in Choller: and happily may strike at you, prouoke him that he may: for euen out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to Mutiny. Whose qualification shall come into no true taste againe, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you haue a shorter iourney to your desires, by the meanes I shall then haue to preferre them. And the impediment most profitably remoued, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperitie

Rodo. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity

Iago. I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the Cittadell. I must fetch his Necessaries a Shore. Farewell

Rodo. Adieu.
Enter.

Iago. That Cassio loues her, I do well beleeu't: That she loues him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite. The Moore (howbeit that I endure him not) Is of a constant, louing, Noble Nature, And I dare thinke, he'le proue to Desdemona A most deere husband. Now I do loue her too, Not out of absolute Lust, (though peradventure I stand accomptant for as great a sin) But partely led to dyet my Reuenge, For that I do suspect the lustie Moore Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof, Doth (like a poysonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwardes: And nothing can, or shall content my Soule Till I am eeuen'd with him, wife, for wife. Or fayling so, yet that I put the Moore, At least into a Ielouzie so strong

That iudgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace
For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
Ile haue our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moore, in the right garbe
(For I feare Cassio with my Night-Cape too)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an Asse,
And practising vpon his peace, and quiet,
Euen to madnesse. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd,
Knaueries plaine face, is neuer seene, till vs'd.
Enter.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is Othello's pleasure, our Noble and Valiant
Generall. That vpon certaine tydings now arriu'd,
importing the meere perdition of the Turkish Fleete:
euery man put himsele into Triumph. Some to daunce,
some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and
Reuels his addition leads him. For besides these beneficiall
Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So
much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices
are open, & there is full libertie of Feasting from this
present houre of fiue, till the Bell haue told eleuen.
Blesse the Isle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall Othello.
Enter.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Othe. Good Michael, looke you to the guard to night.
Let's teach our selues that Honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion

Cas. Iago, hath direction what to do.
But notwithstanding with my personall eye
Will I looke to't

Othe. Iago, is most honest:
Michael, goodnight. To morrow with your earliest,
Let me haue speech with you. Come my deere Loue,
The purchase made, the fruites are to ensue,
That profit's yet to come 'twene me, and you.
Goodnight.
Enter.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome Iago: we must to the Watch

Iago. Not this houre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten
o'th' clocke. Our Generall cast vs thus earely for the
loue of his Desdemona: Who, let vs not therefore blame;
he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and
she is sport for Ioue

Cas. She's a most exquisite Lady

Iago. And Ile warrant her, full of Game

Cas. Indeed shes a most fresh and delicate creature

Iago. What an eye she ha's?

Me thinkes it sounds a parley to prouocation

Cas. An inuiting eye:

And yet me thinkes right modest

Iago. And when she speakes,

Is it not an Alarum to Loue?

Cas. She is indeed perfection

Iago. Well: happinesse to their Sheetes. Come Lieutenant,
I haue a stope of Wine, and heere without are a
brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine haue a measure
to the health of blacke Othello

Cas. Not to night, good Iago, I haue very poore,
and vnhappy Braines for drinking. I could well wish
Curtesie would inuent some other Custome of entertainment

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile
drinke for you

Cassio. I haue drunke but one Cup to night, and that
was craftily qualified too: and behold what inouation
it makes heere. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and
dare not taske my weakenesse with any more

Iago. What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gallants
desire it

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Heere, at the doore: I pray you call them in

Cas. Ile do't, but it dislikes me.
Enter.

Iago. If I can fasten but one Cup vpon him
With that which he hath drunke to night alreadie,
He'l be as full of Quarrell, and offence
As my yong Mistris dogge.
Now my sicke Foole Rodorigo,
Whom Loue hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to night Carrows'd.
Potations, pottle-deepe; and he's to watch.
Three else of Cyprus, Noble swelling Spirites,
(That hold their Honours in a wary distance,
The very Elements of this Warrelike Isle)
Haue I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups,
And they Watch too.
Now 'mongst this Flocke of drunkards
Am I put to our Cassio in some Action
That may offend the Isle. But here they come.
Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If Consequence do but approue my dreame,
My Boate sailes freely, both with winde and Streame

Cas. 'Fore heauen, they haue giuen me a rowse already

Mon. Good-faith a litle one: not past a pint, as I am a
Souldier

Iago. Some Wine hoa.
And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke:
And let me the Cannakin clinke.
A Souldiers a man: Oh, mans life's but a span,
Why then let a Souldier drinke.
Some Wine Boyes

Cas. 'Fore Heauen: an excellent Song

Iago. I learn'd it in England: where indeed they are
most potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germaine,
and your swag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke hoa) are
nothing to your English

Cassio. Is your Englishmen so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinkes you with facillitie, your Dane
dead drunke. He sweates not to ouerthrow your Almaine.
He giues your Hollander a vomit, ere the next
Pottle can be fill'd

Cas. To the health of our Generall

Mon. I am for it Lieutenant: and Ile do you Iustice

Iago. Oh sweet England.
King Stephen was anda worthy Peere,
His Breeches cost him but a Crowne,
He held them Six pence all to deere,
With that he cal'd the Tailor Lowne:
He was a wight of high Renowne,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe,
And take thy awl'd Cloake about thee.
Some Wine hoa

Cassio. Why this is a more exquisite Song then the other

Iago. Will you heare't againe?

Cas. No: for I hold him to be vnworthy of his Place,
that do's those things. Well: heau'ns aboue all: and
there be soules must be saued, and there be soules must
not be saued

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant

Cas. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall,
nor any man of qualitie: I hope to be saued

Iago. And so do I too Lieutenant

Cassio. I: (but by your leaue) not before me. The Lieutenant is to be sau'd before the Ancient. Let's haue no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forgiue vs our sinnes: Gentlemen let's looke to our businesse. Do not thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke now: I can stand well enough, and I speake well enough

Gent. Excellent well

Cas. Why very well then: you must not thinke then, that I am drunke.
Enter.

Monta. To th' Platforme (Masters) come, let's set the Watch

Iago. You see this Fellow, that is gone before, He's a Souldier, fit to stand by Caesar, And giue direction. And do but see his vice, 'Tis to his vertue, a iust Equinox, The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pittie of him: I feare the trust Othello puts him in, On some odde time of his infirmitie Will shake this Island

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis euermore his prologue to his sleepe, He'll watch the Horologe a double Set, If Drinke rocke not his Cradle

Mont. It were well
The Generall were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the vertue that appeares in Cassio,
And lookes not on his euills: is not this true?
Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now Rodorigo?
I pray you after the Lieutenant, go

Mon. And 'tis great pittie, that the Noble Moore Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second With one of an ingraft Infirmitie, It were an honest Action, to say so To the Moore

Iago. Not I, for this faire Island, I do loue Cassio well: and would do much To cure him of this euill, But hearke, what noise?
Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You Rogue: you Rascall

Mon. What's the matter Lieutenant?

Cas. A Knaue teach me my dutie? Ile beate the Knaue in to a Twiggen-Bottle

Rod. Beate me?

Cas. Dost thou prate, Rogue?
Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant:
I pray you Sir, hold your hand

Cassio. Let me go (Sir)
Or Ile knocke you o're the Mazard

Mon. Come, come: you're drunke

Cassio. Drunke?
Iago. Away I say: go out and cry a Mutinie.
Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen:
Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir Montano:
Helpe Masters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed.
Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, hoa:
The Towne will rise. Fie, fie Lieutenant,
You'll be asham'd for euer.
Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Othe. What is the matter heere?
Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to th' death. He dies

Othe. Hold for your liues

Iag. Hold hoa: Lieutenant, Sir Montano, Gentlemen:
Haue you forgot all place of sense and dutie?
Hold. The Generall speaks to you: hold for shame

Oth. Why how now hoa? From whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our selues do that
Which Heauen hath forbid the Ottamittes.
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawle:
He that stirs next, to carue for his owne rage,
Holds his soule light: He dies vpon his Motion.
Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Isle,
From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?
Honest Iago, that lookes dead with greeuing,
Speake: who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?
Iago. I do not know: Friends all, but now, euen now.
In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome
Deuesting them for Bed: and then, but now:
(As if some Planet had vnwitted men)
Swords out, and tilting one at others breastes,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any begining to this peeuish oddes.
And would, in Action glorious, I had lost
Those legges, that brought me to a part of it

Othe. How comes it (Michael) you are thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake

Othe. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be ciuill:
The grauitie, and stillnesse of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In mouthes of wisest Censure. What's the matter
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? Giue me answer to it

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer Iago, can informe you,
While I spare speech which something now offends me.
Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
By me, that's said, or done amisse this night,
Vnlesse selfe-charitie be sometimes a vice,
And to defend our selues, it be a sinne
When violence assailes vs

Othe. Now by Heauen,
My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,
And passion (hauing my best iudgement collid)
Assaies to leade the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this Arme, the best of you
Shall sinke in my rebuke. Giue me to know
How this foule Rout began: Who set it on,
And he that is approu'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me. What in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,
To Manage priuate, and domesticke Quarrell?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of safetie?
'Tis monstrous: Iago, who began't?

Mon. If partially Affin'd, or league in office,
Thou dost deliuer more, or lesse then Truth,
Thou art no Souldier

Iago. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather haue this tongue cut from my mouth,
Then it should do offence to Michael Cassio.
Yet I perswade my selfe, to speake the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:
Montano and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,
And Cassio following him with determin'd Sword
To execute vpon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
Steppes in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
My selfe, the crying Fellow did pursue,
Least by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The Towne might fall in fright. He, (swift of foote)
Out-ran my purpose: and I return'd then rather
For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,
And Cassio high in oath: Which till to night
I nere might say before. When I came backe
(For this was briefe) I found them close together
At blow, and thrust, euen as againe they were
When you your selfe did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report,
But Men are Men: The best sometimes forget,
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely Cassio, I beleeeue receiu'd
From him that fled, some strange Indignitie,
Which patience could not passe

Othe. I know Iago
Thy honestie, and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio: Cassio, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Looke if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp:
Ile make thee an example

Des. What is the matter (Deere?)

Othe. All's well, Sweeting:

Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,
My selfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And silence those whom this vil'd brawle distracted.
Come Desdemona, 'tis the Soldiers life,
To haue their Balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.
Enter.

Iago. What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Cas. I, past all Surgery

Iago. Marry Heauen forbid

Cas. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I haue
lost my Reputation. I haue lost the immortall part of
myselfe, and what remaines is bestiall. My Reputation,
Iago, my Reputation

Iago. As I am an honest man I had thought you had
receiued some bodily wound; there is more sence in that
then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false
imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deseruing.
You haue lost no Reputation at all, vnlesse you
repute your selfe such a looser. What man, there are
more wayes to recouer the Generall againe. You are
but now cast in his moode, (a punishment more in policie,
then in malice) euen so as one would beate his offencelesse
dogge, to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to
him againe, and he's yours

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue
so good a Commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so
indiscreet an Officer. Drunke? And speake Parrat? And
squabble? Swagger? Swear? And discourse Fustian
with ones owne shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of
Wine, if thou hast no name to be knowne by, let vs call
thee Diuell

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your
Sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a masse of things, but nothing distinctly:
a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that
men should put an Enemie in their mouthes, to steale away
their Braines? that we should with ioy, pleasance,
reuell and applause, transforme our selues into Beasts

Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how
came you thus recouered?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkennesse, to giue

place to the diuell wrath, one vnperfectnesse, shewes me
another to make me frankly despise my selfe

Iago. Come, you are too seuere a Moraller. As the
Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country stands
I could hartily wish this had not befallne: but since it is, as
it is, mend it for your owne good

Cas. I will aske him for my Place againe, he shall tell
me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as Hydra,
such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible
man, by and by a Foole, and presently a Beast. Oh
strange! Euery inordinate cup is vnblest'd, and the Ingredient
is a diuell

Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good familiar
Creature, if it be well vs'd: exclaime no more against it.
And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I loue
you

Cassio. I haue well approued it, Sir. I drunke?

Iago. You, or any man liuing, may be drunke at a
time man. I tell you what you shall do: Our General's
Wife, is now the Generall. I may say so, in this respect,
for that he hath deuoted, and giuen vp himselfe to the
Contemplation, marke: and deuotement of her parts
and Graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her: Importune
her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is
of so free, so kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition,
she holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to do more
then she is requested. This broken ioynt betweene
you, and her husband, entreat her to splinter. And my
Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this cracke of
your Loue, shall grow stronger, then it was before

Cassio. You aduise me well

Iago. I protest in the sinceritie of Loue, and honest
kindnesse

Cassio. I thinke it freely: and betimes in the morning,
I will beseech the vertuous Desdemona to vndertake
for me: I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check me

Iago. You are in the right: good night Lieutenant, I
must to the Watch

Cassio. Good night, honest Iago.

Exit Cassio.

Iago. And what's he then,
That saies I play the Villaine?
When this aduise is free I giue, and honest,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moore againe.
For 'tis most easie
Th' inclyning Desdemona to subdue
In any honest Suite. She's fram'd as fruitefull

As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moore, were to renounce his Baptisme,
All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed sin:
His Soule is so enfetters'd to her Loue,
That she may make, vnmake, do what she list,
Euen as her Appetite shall play the God,
With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,
To Counsell Cassio to this paralell course,
Directly to his good? Diuinitie of hell,
When diuels will the blackest sinnes put on,
They do suggest at first with heauenly shewes,
As I do now. For whiles this honest Foole
Plies Desdemona, to repaire his Fortune,
And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore,
Ile powre this pestilence into his eare:
That she repeales him, for her bodies Lust,
And by how much she striues to do him good,
She shall vndo her Credite with the Moore.
So will I turne her vertue into pitch.
And out of her owne goodnesse make the Net,
That shall en-mash them all.
How now Rodorigo?
Enter Rodorigo.

Rodorigo. I do follow heere in the Chace, not
like a Hound that hunts, but one that filles vp the
Crie. My Money is almost spent; I haue bin to night
exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the issue
will bee, I shall haue so much experience for my paines;
And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, returne
again to Venice

Iago. How poore are they that haue not Patience?
What wound did euer heale but by degrees?
Thou know'st we worke by Wit, and not by Witchcraft
And Wit depends on dilatory time:
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hath casheer'd Cassio:
Though other things grow faire against the Sun,
Yet Fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe:
Content thy selfe, a-while. Introth 'tis Morning;
Pleasure, and Action, make the houres seeme short.
Retire thee, go where thou art Billited:
Away, I say, thou shalt know more heereafter:
Nay get thee gone.

Exit Roderigo.

Two things are to be done:
My Wife must moue for Cassio to her Mistris:
Ile set her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him iumpe, when he may Cassio finde
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way:
Dull not Deuice, by coldnesse, and delay.
Enter.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cassio, Musitians, and Clowne.

Cassio. Masters, play heere, I wil content your paines,
Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General

Clo. Why Masters, haue your Instruments bin in Naples,
that they speake i'th' Nose thus?

Mus. How Sir? how?

Clo. Are these I pray you, winde Instruments?

Mus. I marry are they sir

Clo. Oh, thereby hangs a tale

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clow. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I
know. But Masters, heere's money for you: and the Generall
so likes your Musick, that he desires you for loues
sake to make no more noise with it

Mus. Well Sir, we will not

Clo. If you haue any Musicke that may not be heard,
too't againe. But (as they say) to heare Musicke, the Generall
do's not greatly care

Mus. We haue none such, sir

Clow. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile
away. Go, vanish into ayre, away.

Exit Mu.

Cassio. Dost thou heare me, mine honest Friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honest Friend:
I heare you

Cassio. Prythee keepe vp thy Quillets, ther's a poore
peece of Gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends
the Generall be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats
her a little fauour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring sir: if she will stirre hither, I shall
seeme to notifie vnto her.

Exit Clo.

Enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago

Iago. You haue not bin a-bed then?

Cassio. Why no: the day had broke before we parted.
I haue made bold (Iago) to send in to your wife:
My suite to her is, that she will to vertuous Desdemona
Procure me some accesse

Iago. Ile send her to you presently:
And Ile deuise a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your conuerse and businesse
May be more free.

Exit

Cassio. I humbly thanke you for't. I neuer knew
A Florentine more kinde, and honest.
Enter aemilia.

Aemil. Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am sorrie
For your displeasure: but all will sure be well.
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And she speakes for you stoutly. The Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus,
And great Affinitie: and that in wholsome Wisedome
He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loues you
And needs no other Suitor, but his likings
To bring you in againe

Cassio. Yet I beseech you,
If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,
Giue me aduantage of some breefe Discourse
With Desdemon alone.
Aemil. Pray you come in:
I will bestow you where you shall haue time
To speake your bosome freely

Cassio. I am much bound to you.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Othe. These Letters giue (Iago) to the Pylot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate:
That done, I will be walking on the Workes,
Repaire there to mee

Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't

Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see't?
Gent. Well waite vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and aemilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd (good Cassio) I will do
All my abilities in thy behalfe.
Aemil. Good Madam do:
I warrant it greeues my Husband,
As if the cause were his

Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt Cassio
But I will haue my Lord, and you againe
As friendly as you were

Cassio. Bounteous Madam,
What euer shall become of Michael Cassio,

He's neuer any thing but your true Seruant

Des. I know't: I thanke you: you do loue my Lord:
You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangenesse stand no farther off,
Then in a politique distance

Cassio. I, but Lady,
That policie may either last so long,
Or feede vpon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breede it selfe so out of Circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My Generall will forget my Loue, and Seruice

Des. Do not doubt that: before aemilia here,
I giue thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, Ile performe it
To the last Article. My Lord shall neuer rest,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His Bed shall seeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,
Ile intermingle euery thing he do's
With Cassio's suite: Therefore be merry Cassio,
For thy Solicitor shall rather dye,
Then giue thy cause away.
Enter Othello, and Iago.

Aemil. Madam, heere comes my Lord

Cassio. Madam, Ile take my leaue

Des. Why stay, and heare me speake

Cassio. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Vnfit for mine owne purposes

Des. Well, do your discretion.

Exit Cassio.

Iago. Hah? I like not that

Othel. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing my Lord; or if- I know not what

Othel. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio my Lord? No sure, I cannot thinke it
That he would steale away so guilty-like,
Seeing your comming

Oth. I do beleeeue 'twas he

Des. How now my Lord?

I haue bin talking with a Suitor heere,
A man that languishes in your displeasure

Oth. Who is't you meane?

Des. Why your Lieutenant Cassio: Good my Lord,
If I haue any grace, or power to moue you,
His present reconciliation take.

For if he be not one, that truly loues you,
That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honest face.
I prythee call him backe

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. I sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his greefe with mee
To suffer with him. Good Loue, call him backe

Othel. Not now (sweet Desdemon) some other time

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner (Sweet) for you

Des. Shall't be to night, at Supper?

Oth. No, not to night

Des. To morrow Dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:

I meete the Captaines at the Cittadell

Des. Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morne,
On Tuesday noone, or night; on Wensday Morne.
I prythee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:
And yet his Trespasse, in our common reason
(Saue that they say the warres must make example)
Out of her best, is not almost a fault
T' encurre a priuate checke. When shall he come?
Tell me Othello. I wonder in my Soule
What you would aske me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mam'ring on? What? Michael Cassio,
That came a woing with you? and so many a time
(When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly)
Hath tane your part, to haue so much to do
To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much

Oth. Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:
I will deny thee nothing

Des. Why, this is not a Boone:

'Tis as I should entreate you weare your Gloues,
Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,
Or sue to you, to do a peculiar profit
To your owne person. Nay, when I haue a suite
Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed,
It shall be full of poize, and difficult waight,
And fearefull to be granted

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my selfe

Des. Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord

Oth. Farewell my Desdemona, Ile come to thee strait

Des. aemilia come; be as your Fancies teach you:

What ere you be, I am obedient.
Enter.

Oth. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule
But I do loue thee: and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe

Iago. My Noble Lord

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio
When he woo'd my Lady, know of your loue?

Oth. He did, from first to last:
Why dost thou aske?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my Thought,
No further harme

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with hir

Oth. O yes, and went betweene vs very oft

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? I indeed. Discern'st thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my Lord?

Oth. Honest? I, Honest

Iago. My Lord, for ought I know

Oth. What do'st thou thinke?

Iago. Thinke, my Lord?

Oth. Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou ecchos't me;
As if there were some Monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shewne. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say euen now, thou lik'st not that,
When Cassio left my wife. What didd'st not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my Counsaile,
Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, Indeede?
And didd'st contract, and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadd'st shut vp in thy Braine
Some horrible Conceite. If thou do'st loue me,
Shew me thy thought

Iago. My Lord, you know I loue you

Oth. I thinke thou do'st:
And for I know thou'rt full of Loue, and Honestie,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giu'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine, fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyall Knaue
Are trickes of Custome: but in a man that's iust,
They're close dilations, working from the heart,
That Passion cannot rule

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworne, I thinke that he is honest

Oth. I thinke so too

Iago. Men should be what they seeme,
Or those that be not, would they might seeme none

Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme

Iago. Why then I thinke Cassio's an honest man

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this?
I prythee speake to me, as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminare, and giue thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words

Iago. Good my Lord pardon me,
Though I am bound to euery Acte of dutie,
I am not bound to that: All Slaues are free:
Vtter my Thoughts? Why say, they are vild, and falce?
As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that breast so pure,
Wherein vncleanly Apprehensions
Keepe Leetes, and Law-dayes, and in Sessions sit
With meditations lawfull?

Oth. Thou do'st conspire against thy Friend (Iago)
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his eare
A stranger to thy Thoughts

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guesse
(As I confesse it is my Natures plague
To spy into Abuses, and of my iealousie
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom
From one, that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble
Out of his scattering, and vn Timer obseruance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honesty, and Wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts

Oth. What dost thou meane?

Iago. Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Iewell of their Soules;
Who steales my purse, steales trash:
'Tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin slaue to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed

Oth. Ile know thy Thoughts

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whil'st 'tis in my custodie

Oth. Ha?

Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of iealousie,
It is the greene-ey'd Monster, which doth mocke
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in blisse,
Who certaine of his Fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,

Who dotes, yet doubts: Suspects, yet soundly loues?

Oth. O miserie

Iago. Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But Riches finelesse, is as poore as Winter,
To him that euer feares he shall be poore:
Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From Iealousie

Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'st thou, I'd make a Life of Iealousie;
To follow still the changes of the Moone
With fresh suspitions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is to be resolu'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I shall turne the businesse of my Soule
To such exufflicate, and blow'd Surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Iealious,
To say my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,
Is free of Speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances:
Where Vertue is, these are more vertuous.
Nor from mine owne weake merites, will I draw
The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No Iago,
Ile see before I doubt; when I doubt, proue;
And on the prooffe, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Loue, or Iealousie

Ia. I am glad of this: For now I shall haue reason
To shew the Loue and Duty that I beare you
With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receiue it from me. I speake not yet of prooffe:
Looke to your wife, obserue her well with Cassio,
Weare your eyes, thus: not Iealious, nor Secure:
I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of selfe-Bounty, be abus'd: Looke too't:
I know our Country disposition well:
In Venice, they do let Heauen see the pranks
They dare not shew their Husbands.
Their best Conscience,
Is not to leaue't vndone, but kept vnknowne

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceiue her Father, marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake, and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them most

Oth. And so she did

Iago. Why go too then:
Shew that so young could giue out such a Seeming
To seele her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.
But I am much too blame:
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much louing you

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your Spirits:

Oth. Not a iot, not a iot

Iago. Trust me, I feare it has:
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from your Loue.
But I do see y'are moou'd:
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Then to Suspition

Oth. I will not

Iago. Should you do so (my Lord)
My speech should fall into such vilde successe,
Which my Thoughts aym'd not.
Cassio's my worthy Friend:
My Lord, I see y'are mou'd

Oth. No, not much mou'd:
I do not thinke but Desdemona's honest

Iago. Long liue she so;
And long liue you to thinke so

Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it selfe

Iago. I, there's the point:
As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many proposed Matches
Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
Where to we see in all things, Nature tends:
Foh, one may smel in such, a will most ranke,
Foule disproportions, Thoughts vnnaturall.
But (pardon me) I do not in position
Distinctly speake of her, though I may feare
Her will, recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fal to match you with her Country formes,
And happily repent

Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceiue, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to obserue.
Leaue me Iago

Iago. My Lord, I take my leaue

Othel. Why did I marry?
This honest Creature (doubtlesse)
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfoldes

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor
To scan this thing no farther: Leaue it to time,
Although 'tis fit that Cassio haue his Place;
For sure he filles it vp with great Ability;
Yet if you please, to him off a-while:
You shall by that perceiue him, and his meanes:
Note if your Lady straine his Entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunitie,
Much will be seene in that: In the meane time,

Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
(As worthy cause I haue to feare I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor

Oth. Feare not my gouernment

Iago. I once more take my leaue.
Enter.

Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit
Of humane dealings. If I do proue her Haggard,
Though that her Iesses were my deere heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her downe the winde
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,
And haue not those soft parts of Conuersation
That Chamberers haue: Or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)
Shee's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe
Must be to loath her. Oh Curse of Marriage!
That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,
And liue vpon the vapour of a Dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in the thing I loue
For others vses. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the Base,
'Tis destiny vnshunnable, like death:
Euen then, this forked plague is Fated to vs,
When we do quicken. Looke where she comes:
Enter Desdemona and aemilia.

If she be false, Heauen mock'd it selfe:
Ile not beleeeue't

Des. How now, my deere Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous Islanders
By you inuited, do attend your presence

Oth. I am too blame

Des. Why do you speake so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I haue a paine vpon my Forehead, heere

Des. Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.
Let me but binde it hard, within this houre
It will be well

Oth. Your Napkin is too little:
Let it alone: Come, Ile go in with you.
Enter.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
Aemil. I am glad I haue found this Napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steale it. But she so loues the Token,
(For he coniur'd her, she should euer keepe it)
That she reserues it euermore about her,

To kisse, and talke too. Ile haue the worke tane out,
And giu't Iago: what he will do with it
Heauen knowes, not I:
I nothing, but to please his Fantasie.
Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? What do you heere alone?
Aemil. Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you

Iago. You haue a thing for me?
It is a common thing-
Aemil. Hah?

Iago. To haue a foolish wife.
Aemil. Oh, is that all? What will you giue me now
For that same Handkerchiefe

Iago. What Handkerchiefe?
Aemil. What Handkerchiefe?
Why that the Moore first gaue to Desdemona,
That which so often you did bid me steale

Iago. Hast stolne it from her?
Aemil. No: but she let it drop by negligence,
And to th' aduantage, I being heere, took't vp:
Looke, heere 'tis

Iago. A good wench, giue it me.
Aemil. What will you do with't, that you haue bene
so earnest to haue me filch it?
Iago. Why, what is that to you?
Aemil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Giu't me againe. Poore Lady, shee'l run mad
When she shall lacke it

Iago. Be not acknowne on't:
I haue vse for it. Go, leaue me.

Exit aemil.

I will in Cassio's Lodging loose this Napkin,
And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealious, confirmations strong,
As proofes of holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moore already changes with my poyson:
Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poysons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste:
But with a little acte vpon the blood,
Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did say so.
Enter Othello.

Looke where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowsie Syrrups of the world
Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe
Which thou owd'st yesterday

Oth. Ha, ha, false to mee?
Iago. Why how now Generall? No more of that

Oth. Auant, be gone: Thou hast set me on the Racke:

I sweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little

Iago. How now, my Lord?

Oth. What sense had I, in her stolne houres of Lust?
I saw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.
I found not Cassio's kisses on her Lippes:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all

Iago. I am sorry to heare this?

Oth. I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,
Pyoners and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer
Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;
Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,
That makes Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,
The Spirit-stirring Drum, th' Eare-piercing Fife,
The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie,
Pride, Pompe, and Circumstance of glorious Warre:
And O you mortall Engines, whose rude throates
Th' immortall Ioues dread Clamours, counterfet,
Farewell: Othello's Occupation's gone

Iago. Is't possible my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a Whore;
Be sure of it: Giue me the Occular prooffe,
Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou had'st bin better haue bin borne a Dog
Then answer my wak'd wrath

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't: or (at the least) so proue it,
That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life

Iago. My Noble Lord

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorse
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make Heauen weepe, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde,
Greater then that

Iago. O Grace! O Heauen forgiue me!
Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Sense?
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That lou'st to make thine Honesty, a Vice!
Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence
Ile loue no Friend, sith Loue breeds such offence

Oth. Nay stay: thou should'st be honest

Iago. I should be wise; for Honestie's a Foole,

And looses that it workes for

Oth. By the World,
I thinke my Wife be honest, and thinke she is not:
I thinke that thou art iust, and thinke thou art not:
Ile haue some prooffe. My name that was as fresh
As Dians Visage, is now begrim'd and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Kniues,
Poyson, or Fire, or suffocating streames,
Ile not indure it. Would I were satisfied

Iago. I see you are eaten vp with Passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? Nay, and I will

Iago. And may: but how? How satisfied, my Lord?
Would you the super-vision grossely gape on?
Behold her top'd?

Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,
To bring them to that Prospect: Damne them then,
If euer mortall eyes do see them boulder
More then their owne. What then? How then?
What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,
As salt as Wolues in pride, and Fooles as grosse
As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,
Will giue you satisfaction, you might haue't

Oth. Giue me a liuing reason she's disloyall

Iago. I do not like the Office.
But sith I am entred in this cause so farre
(Prick'd too't by foolish Honesty, and Loue)
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleepe. There are a kinde of men,
So loose of Soule, that in their sleepes will mutter
Their Affayres: one of this kinde is Cassio:
In sleepe I heard him say, sweet Desdemona,
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,
And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,
And sigh, and kisse, and then cry cursed Fate,
That gaue thee to the Moore

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his Dreame

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
'Tis a shrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame

Iago. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,

That do demonstrate thinly

Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces

Iago. Nay yet be wise; yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,
Haue you not sometimes seene a Handkerchiefe
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wiues hand?

Oth. I gaue her such a one: 'twas my first gift

Iago. I know not that: but such a Handkerchiefe
(I am sure it was your wiues) did I to day
See Cassio wipe his Beard with

Oth. If it be that

Iago. If it be that, or any, it was here.
It speakes against her with the other proofes

Othel. O that the Slaue had forty thousand liues:
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Looke heere Iago,
All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone.
Arise blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,
Yeeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell bosome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aspickes tongues

Iago. Yet be content

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood

Iago. Patience I say: your minde may change

Oth. Neuer Iago. Like to the Ponticke Sea,
Whose Icie Current, and compulsiue course,
Neu'r keepes retyring ebbe, but keepes due on
To the Proponticke, and the Hellespont:
Euen so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Loue,
Till that a capeable, and wide Reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,
In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow,
I heere engage my words

Iago. Do not rise yet:
Witnesse you euer-burning Lights aboue,
You Elements, that clip vs round about,
Witnesse that heere Iago doth giue vp
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's Seruice. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody businesse euer

Oth. I greet thy loue,
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the instant put thee too't.
Within these three dayes let me heare thee say,
That Cassio's not aliue

Iago. My Friend is dead:
'Tis done at your Request.
But let her liue

Oth. Damne her lewde Minx:
O damne her, damne her.
Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death
For the faire Diuell.
Now art thou my Lieutenant

Iago. I am your owne for euer.

Exeunt.

Scaena Quarta.

Enter Desdemona, aemilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio
lyes?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where

Des. Why man?

Clo. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lyes,
'tis stabbing

Des. Go too: where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tel you where
I lye

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to deuise
a lodging, and say he lies heere, or he lies there, were
to lye in mine owne throat

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clo. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make
Questions, and by them answer

Des. Seeke him, bidde him come hither: tell him, I
haue moou'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will
be well

Clo. To do this, is within the compasse of mans Wit,
and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

Exit Clo.

Des. Where should I loose the Handkerchiefe, aemilia?

Aemil. I know not Madam

Des. Beleeue me, I had rather haue lost my purse
Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore
Is true of minde, and made of no such basenesse,
As iealious Creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

Aemil. Is he not iealious?

Des. Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him.

Aemil. Looke where he comes.

Enter Othello.

Des. I will not leaue him now, till Cassio be
Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to dissemble!
How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good Lord

Oth. Giue me your hand.
This hand is moist, my Lady

Des. It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow

Oth. This argues fruitfulnessse, and liberall heart:
Hot, hot, and moyst. This hand of yours requires
A sequester from Liberty: Fasting, and Prayer,
Much Castigation, Exercise deuout,
For heere's a yong, and sweating Diuell heere
That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand,
A franke one

Des. You may (indeed) say so:
For 'twas that hand that gaue away my heart

Oth. A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gaue hands:
But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts

Des. I cannot speake of this:
Come, now your promise

Oth. What promise, Chucke?

Des. I haue sent to bid Cassio come speake with you

Oth. I haue a salt and sorry Rhewme offends me:
Lend me thy Handkerchiefe

Des. Heere my Lord

Oth. That which I gaue you

Des. I haue it not about me

Oth. Not?
Des. No indeed, my Lord

Oth. That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe
Did an aegyptian to my Mother giue:
She was a Charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
'T would make her Amiable, and subdue my Father
Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,
Or made a Guift of it, my Fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt
After new Fancies. She dying, gaue it me,
And bid me (when my Fate would haue me Wiu'd)

To giue it her. I did so; and take heede on't,
Make it a Darling, like your precious eye:
To loose't, or giue't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: There's Magicke in the web of it:
A Sybill that had numbred in the world
The Sun to course, two hundred compasses,
In her Prophetticke furie sow'd the Worke:
The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke,
And it was dyde in Mummey, which the Skilfull
Conseru'd of Maidens hearts

Des. Indeed? Is't true?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke too't well

Des. Then would to Heauen, that I had neuer seene't?

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Des. Why do you speake so startingly, and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? Is't gon? Speak, is't out o'th' way?

Des. Blesse vs

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost: but what and if it were?

Oth. How?

Des. I say it is not lost

Oth. Fetcht, let me see't

Des. Why so I can: but I will not now:
This is a tricke to put me from my suite,
Pray you let Cassio be receiu'd againe

Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchiefe,
My minde mis-giues

Des. Come, come: you'l neuer meete a more sufficient
man

Oth. The Handkerchiefe

Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good Fortunes on your loue;
Shar'd dangers with you

Oth. The Handkerchiefe

Des. Insooth, you are too blame

Oth. Away.

Exit Othello.

Aemil. Is not this man iealious?

Des. I neu'r saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerchiefe,
I am most vnhappy in the losse of it.

Aemil. 'Tis not a yeare or two shewes vs a man:

They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food,
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full
They belch vs.
Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Looke you, Cassio and my Husband

Iago. There is no other way: 'tis she must doo't:
And loe the happinesse: go, and importune her

Des. How now (good Cassio) what's the newes with
you?

Cassio. Madam, my former suite. I do beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exist, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
Intirely honour, I would not be delayd.
If my offence, be of such mortall kinde,
That nor my Seruice past, nor present Sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransome me into his loue againe,
But to know so, must be my benefit:
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my selfe vp in some other course
To Fortunes Almes

Des. Alas (thrice-gentle Cassio)
My Aduocation is not now in Tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in Fauour, as in Humour alter'd.
So helpe me euery spirit sanctified,
As I haue spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blanke of his displeasure
For my free speech. You must awhile be patient:
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Then for my selfe, I dare. Let that suffice you

Iago. Is my Lord angry?
Aemil. He went hence but now:
And certainly in strange vnquietnesse

Iago. Can he be angry? I haue seen the Cannon
When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre,
And like the Diuell from his very Arme
Puff't his owne Brother: And is he angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Exit

Des. I prythee do so. Something sure of State,
Either from Venice, or some vnhatc'd practise
Made demonstrable heere in Cyprus, to him,
Hath pudled his cleare Spirit: and in such cases,
Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things,
Though great ones are their obiect. 'Tis euen so.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthfull members, euen to a sense
Of paine. Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods,

Nor of them looke for such obseruancie
As fits the Bridall. Beshrew me much, aemilia,
I was (vnhandsome Warrior, as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my soule:
But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Witnesse,
And he's Indited falsely.
Aemil. Pray heauen it bee
State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception,
Nor no Iealious Toy, concerning you

Des. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.
Aemil. But Iealious soules will not be answer'd so;
They are not euer iealious for the cause,
But iealious, for they're iealious. It is a Monster
Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe

Des. Heauen keepe the Monster from Othello's mind.
Aemil. Lady, Amen

Des. I will go seeke him. Cassio, walke heere about:
If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your suite,
And seeke to effect it to my vttermost.

Exit

Cas. I humbly thanke your Ladyship.
Enter Bianca.

Bian. 'Saue you (Friend Cassio.)
Cassio. What make you from home?
How is't with you, my most faire Bianca?
Indeed (sweet Loue) I was comming to your house

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, Cassio.
What? keepe a weeke away? Seuen dayes, and Nights?
Eight score eight houres? And Louers absent howres
More tedious then the Diall, eight score times?
Oh weary reck'ning

Cassio. Pardon me, Bianca:
I haue this while with leaden thoughts beene prest,
But I shall in a more continueate time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca
Take me this worke out

Bianca. Oh Cassio, whence came this?
This is some Token from a newer Friend,
To the felt-Absence: now I feelee a Cause:
Is't come to this? Well, well

Cassio. Go too, woman:
Throw your vilde gesses in the Diuels teeth,
From whence you haue them. You are iealious now,
That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance;
No, in good troth Bianca

Bian. Why, who's is it?
Cassio. I know not neither:
I found it in my Chamber,

I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will) I would haue it coppied:
Take it, and doo't, and leaue me for this time

Bian. Leaue you? Wherefore?

Cassio. I do attend heere on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition, nor my wish
To haue him see me woman'd

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cassio. Not that I loue you not

Bian. But that you do not loue me.
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soone at night?

Cassio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend heere: But Ile see you soone

Bian. 'Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.

Exeunt. omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you thinke so?

Oth. Thinke so, Iago?

Iago. What, to kisse in priuate?

Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kisse?

Iago. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Oth. Naked in bed (Iago) and not meane harme?
It is hypocrisie against the Diuell:
They that meane vertuously, and yet do so,
The Diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall slip:
But if I giue my wife a Handkerchiefe

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,
She may (I thinke) bestow't on any man

Oth. She is Protectresse of her honor too:
May she giue that?

Iago. Her honor is an Essence that's not seene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not.
But for the Handkerchiefe

Othe. By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it:
Thou saidst (oh, it comes ore my memorie,
As doth the Rauen o're the infectious house:
Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiefe

Iago . I: what of that?

Othe. That's not so good now

Iag. What if I had said, I had seene him do you wrong?
Or heard him say (as Knaues be such abroad,
Who hauing by their owne importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some Mistris,
Conuincd or supply'd them, cannot chuse
But they must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well assur'd,
No more then he'le vn-sweare

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did

Othe. What? What?

Iago. Lye

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her? On her: what you will

Othe. Lye with her? lye on her? We say lye on her,
when they be-lye-her. Lye with her: that's fullsome:
Handkerchiefe: Confessions: Handkerchiefe. To confesse,
and be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd,
and then to confesse: I tremble at it. Nature would not
inuest her selfe in such shadowing passion, without some
Instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish)
Noses, Eares, and Lippes: is't possible. Confesse? Handkerchiefe?
O diuell.

Falls in a Traunce.

Iago. Worke on,
My Medicine workes. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,
And many worthy, and chast Dames euen thus,
(All guiltlesse) meete reproach: what hoa? My Lord?
My Lord, I say: Othello.
Enter Cassio.

How now Cassio?

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is falne into an Epilepsie,
This is his second Fit: he had one yesterday

Cas. Rub him about the Temples

Iago. The Lethargie must haue his quyet course:
If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by
Breakes out to sauage madnesse. Looke, he stirres:
Do you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recouer straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion, speake with you.
How is it Generall? Haue you not hurt your head?

Othe. Dost thou mocke me?

Iago. I mocke you not, by Heauen:
Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man

Othe. A Horned man's a Monster, and a Beast

Iago. Ther's many a Beast then in a populous Citty,

And many a ciuill Monster

Othe. Did he confesse it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:

Thinke euery bearded fellow that's but yoak'd
May draw with you. There's Millions now aliue,
That nightly lye in those vnproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculiar. Your case is better.
Oh, 'tis the spight of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure Cowch;
And to suppose her chast. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shallbe

Oth. Oh, thou art wise: 'tis certaine

Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your selfe but in a patient List,
Whil'st you were heere, o're-whelmed with your grieffe
(A passion most resulting such a man)
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And layd good scuses vpon your Extasie,
Bad him anon returne: and heere speake with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your selfe,
And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scornes
That dwell in euery Region of his face.
For I will make him tell the Tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.
I say, but marke his gesture: marry Patience,
Or I shall say y'are all in all in Spleene,
And nothing of a man

Othe. Do'st thou heare, Iago,
I will be found most cunning in my Patience:
But (do'st thou heare) most bloody

Iago. That's not amisse,
But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A Huswife that by selling her desires
Buyes her selfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature
That dotes on Cassio, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague
To be-guile many, and be be-guil'd by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot restraine
From the excesse of Laughter. Heere he comes.
Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad:
And his vnbookish Ielousie must conserue
Poore Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaiours
Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you giue me the addition,
Whose want euen killes me

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this Suit lay in Bianca's dowre,
How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas poore Caitiffe

Oth. Looke how he laughes already

Iago. I neuer knew woman loue man so

Cas. Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed she loues me

Oth. Now he denies it faintly: and laughes it out

Iago. Do you heare Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o're: go too, well said, well said

Iago. She giues it out, that you shall marry her.

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha

Oth. Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?

Cas. I marry. What? A customer; prythee beare
Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it
So vnwholesome. Ha, ha, ha

Oth. So, so, so, so: they laugh, that winnes

Iago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her

Cas. Prythee say true

Iago. I am a very Villaine else

Oth. Haue you scoar'd me? Well

Cas. This is the Monkeys owne giuing out:

She is perswaded I will marry her
Out of her owne loue & flattery, not out of my promise

Oth. Iago becomes me: now he begins the story

Cassio. She was heere euen now: she haunts me in euery
place. I was the other day talking on the Seabanke
with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the
Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck

Oth. Crying oh deere Cassio, as it were: his iesture imports
it

Cassio. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me:
So shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Chamber:
oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dogge, I
shall throw it to

Cassio. Well, I must leaue her companie

Iago. Before me: looke where she comes.
Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one?
What do you meane by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the diuell, and his dam haunt you: what did you meane by that same Handkerchiefe, you gaue me euen now? I was a fine Foole to take it: I must take out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you should finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some Minxes token, & I must take out the worke? There, giue it your Hobbey-horse, wheresoeuer you had it, Ile take out no worke on't

Cassio. How now, my sweete Bianca?
How now? How now?

Othe. By Heauen, that should be my Handkerchiefe

Bian. If you'le come to supper to night you may, if you will not come when you are next prepar'd for.

Exit

Iago. After her: after her

Cas. I must, shee'l rayle in the streets else

Iago. Will you sup there?
Cassio. Yes, I intend so

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you: for I would very faine speake with you

Cas. Prythee come: will you?
Iago. Go too; say no more

Oth. How shall I murther him, Iago

Iago. Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?
Oth. Oh, Iago

Iago. And did you see the Handkerchiefe?
Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife: she gaue it him and, he hath giu'n it his whore

Oth. I would haue him nine yeeres a killing:
A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman?
Iago. Nay, you must forget that

Othello. I, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to night, for she shall not liue. No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter Creature: she might lye by an Emperours side, and command him Taskes

Iago. Nay, that's not your way

Othe. Hang her, I do but say what she is: so delicate with her Needle: an admirable Musitian. Oh she will sing the Sauagenesse out of a Beare: of so high and plenteous wit, and inuention?
Iago. She's the worse for all this

Othe. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:
And then of so gentle a condition?
Iago. I too gentle

Othe. Nay that's certaine:
But yet the pittie of it, Iago: oh Iago, the pittie of it
Iago

Iago. If you are so fond ouer her iniquitie: giue her
pattent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes neere
no body

Oth. I will chop her into Messes: Cuckold me?
Iago. Oh, 'tis foule in her

Oth. With mine Officer?
Iago. That's fouler

Othe. Get me some poyson, Iago, this night. Ile not
expostulate with her: least her body and beautie vnprouide
my mind againe: this night Iago

Iago. Do it not with poyson, strangle her in her bed,
Euen the bed she hath contaminated

Oth. Good, good:
The Iustice of it pleases: very good

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his vndertaker:
You shall heare more by midnight.
Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Othe. Excellent good: What Trumpet is that same?
Iago. I warrant something from Venice,
'Tis Lodouico, this, comes from the Duke.
See, your wife's with him

Lodo. Saue you worthy Generall

Othe. With all my heart Sir

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you

Othe. I kisse the Instrument of their pleasures

Des. And what's the newes, good cozen Lodouico
Iago. I am very glad to see you Signior:
Welcome to Cyprus

Lod. I thanke you: how do's Lieutenant Cassio?
Iago. Liues Sir,
Des. Cozen, there's falne betweene him, & my Lord,
An vnkind breach: but you shall make all well

Othe. Are you sure of that?
Des. My Lord?
Othe. This faile you not to do, as you will-
Lod. He did not call: he's busie in the paper,

Is there deuision 'twixt my Lord, and Cassio?

Des. A most vnhappy one: I would do much
T' attone, them, for the loue I beare to Cassio

Oth. Fire, and brimestone

Des. My Lord

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What is he angrie?

Lod. May be the Letter mou'd him.

For as I thinke, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his Gouvernment

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't

Othe. Indeed?

Des. My Lord?

Othe. I am glad to see you mad

Des. Why, sweete Othello?

Othe. Diuell

Des. I haue not deseru'd this

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in Venice,
Though I should sweare I saw't. 'Tis very much,
Make her amends: she weepes

Othe. Oh diuell, diuell:

If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares,
Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocodile:
Out of my sight

Des. I will not stay to offend you

Lod. Truely obedient Lady:

I do beseech your Lordship call her backe

Othe. Mistris

Des. My Lord

Othe. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who I, my Lord?

Othe. I, you did wish, that I would make her turne:
Sir, she can turne, and turne: and yet go on
And turne againe. And she can weepe, Sir, weepe.
And she's obedient: as you say obedient.
Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.
Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted passion)
I am commanded home: get you away:
Ile send for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,
And will returne to Venice. Hence, auant:
Cassio shall haue my Place. And Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may sup together.
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.
Goates, and Monkeys.
Enter.

Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature
Whom Passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue
The shot of Accident, nor dart of Chance
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd

Lod. Are his wits safe? Is he not light of Braine?

Iago. He's that he is: I may not breath my censure.
What he might be: if what he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were

Lod. What? Strike his wife?

Iago. 'Faith that was not so well: yet would I knew
That stroke would proue the worst

Lod. Is it his vse?

Or did the Letters, worke vpon his blood,
And new create his fault?

Iago. Alas, alas:

It is not honestie in me to speake
What I haue seene, and knowne. You shall obserue him,
And his owne courses will denote him so,
That I may saue my speech: do but go after
And marke how he continues

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiu'd in him.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello and aemilia.

Othe. You haue seene nothing then?

Aemil. Nor euer heard: nor euer did suspect

Othe. Yes, you haue seene Cassio, and she together

Aemi. But then I saw no harme: and then I heard,
Each syllable that breath made vp betweene them

Othe. What? Did they neuer whisper?

Aemil. Neuer my Lord

Othe. Nor send you out o'th' way?

Aemil. Neuer

Othe. To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor nothing?

Aemil. Neuer my Lord

Othe. That's strange.

Aemil. I durst (my Lord) to wager, she is honest:
Lay downe my Soule at stake: If you thinke other,
Remoue your thought. It doth abuse your bosome:
If any wretch haue put this in your head,
Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curse,

For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy. The purest of their Wiues
Is foule as Slander

Othe. Bid her come hither: go.

Exit aemilia.

She saies enough: yet she's a simple Baud
That cannot say as much. This is a subtile Whore:
A Closset Locke and Key of Villanous Secrets,
And yet she'll kneele, and pray: I haue seene her do't.
Enter Desdemona, and aemilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Othe. Pray you Chucke come hither

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes: looke in my face

Des. What horrible Fancie's this?

Othe. Some of your Function Mistris:

Leaue Procreants alone, and shut the doore:

Cough, or cry hem; if any body come:

Your Mystery, your Mystery: May dispatch.

Exit aemi.

Des. Vpon my knee, what doth your speech import?

I vnderstand a Fury in your words

Othe. Why? What art thou?

Des. Your wife my Lord: your true and loyall wife

Othello. Come sweare it: damne thy selfe, least
being like one of Heauen, the diuells themselues should
feare to ceaze thee. Therefore be double damn'd: sweare
thou art honest

Des. Heauen doth truely know it

Othe. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell

Des. To whom my Lord?

With whom? How am I false?

Othe. Ah Desdemon, away, away, away

Des. Alas the heauy day: why do you weepe?

Am I the motiue of these teares my Lord?

If happely you my Father do suspect,

An Instrument of this your calling backe,

Lay not your blame on me: if you haue lost him,

I haue lost him too

Othe. Had it pleas'd Heauen,

To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd

All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head:

Steep'd me in pouertie to the very lippes.

Giuen to Captiuitie, me, and my vtmost hopes,

I should haue found in some place of my Soule
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,
To point his slow, and mouing finger at.
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well:
But there where I haue garnerd vp my heart,
Where either I must liue, or beare no life,
The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
Or else dries vp: to be discarded thence,
Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there:
Patience, thou young and Rose-lip'd Cherubin,
I heere looke grim as hell

Des. I hope my Noble Lord esteemes me honest

Othe. Oh I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles,
That quicken euen with blowing. Oh thou weed:
Who art so louely faire, and smell'st so sweete,
That the Sense akes at thee,
Would thou had'st neuer bin borne

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin haue I committed?

Othe. Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Booke
Made to write Whore vpon? What committed,
Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne vp Modestie,
Did I but speake thy deedes. What committed?
Heauen stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moone winks:
The budy winde that kisses all it meetes,
Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not hear't. What committed?

Des. By Heauen you do me wrong

Othe. Are not you a Strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserue this vessell for my Lord,
From any other foule vnlawfull touch
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none

Othe. What, not a Whore?

Des. No, as I shall be sau'd

Othe. Is't possible?

Des. Oh Heauen forgiue vs

Othe. I cry you mercy then.
I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with Othello. You Mistris,
Enter aemilia.

That haue the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keepes the gate of hell. You, you: I you.
We haue done our course: there's money for your paines:
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsaile.
Enter.

Aemil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue?

How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?

Des. Faith, halfe a sleepe

Aemi. Good Madam,

What's the matter with my Lord?

Des. With who?

Aemil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?

Des. Who is thy Lord?

Aemil. He that is yours, sweet Lady

Des. I haue none: do not talke to me, aemilia,
I cannot weepe: nor answeres haue I none,
But what should go by water. Prythee to night,
Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

Aemil. Heere's a change indeed.

Enter.

Des. 'Tis meete I should be vs'd so: very meete.
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke
The small'st opinion on my least misvse?
Enter Iago, and aemilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure Madam?
How is't with you?

Des. I cannot tell: those that do teach yong Babes
Do it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes.
He might haue chid me so; for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding

Iago. What is the matter Lady?
Aemil. Alas (Iago) my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such dispight, and heauy termes vpon her
That true hearts cannot beare it

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, (faire Lady?)

Des. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.

Aemil. He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke:
Could not haue laid such termes vpon his Callet

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know: I am sure I am none such

Iago. Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.
Aemil. Hath she forsooke so many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?

Des. It is my wretched Fortune

Iago. Beshrew him for't:
How comes this Tricke vpon him?

Des. Nay, Heauen doth know

Aemi. I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,
Some busie and insinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening Slaue, to get some Office,
Haue not deuise'd this Slander: I will be hang'd else

Iago. Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible

Des. If any such there be, Heauen pardon him.

Aemil. A halter pardon him:

And hell gnaw his bones.

Why should he call her Whore?

Who keepes her companie?

What Place? What Time?

What Forme? What liklyhood?

The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knaue,

Some base notorious Knaue, some scuruy Fellow.

Oh Heauens, that such companions thou'd'st vnfold,

And put in euey honest hand a whip

To lash the Rascalls naked through the world,

Euen from the East to th' West

Iago. Speake within doore.

Aemil. Oh fie vpon them: some such Squire he was

That turn'd your wit, the seamy-side without,

And made you to suspect me with the Moore

Iago. You are a Foole: go too

Des. Alas Iago,

What shall I do to win my Lord againe?

Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,

I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele:

If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his Loue,

Either in discourse of thought, or actuall deed,

Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence

Delighted them: or any other Forme.

Or that I do not yet, and euer did,

And euer will, (though he do shake me off

To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deerely,

Comfort forswear me. Vnkindnesse may do much,

And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,

But neuer taynt my Loue. I cannot say Whore,

It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,

To do the Act, that might the addition earne,

Not the worlds Masse of vanitie could make me

Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:

The businesse of the State do's him offence

Des. If 'twere no other

Iago. It is but so, I warrant,

Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper:

The Messengers of Venice staies the meate,

Go in, and weepe not: all things shall be well.

Exeunt. Desdemona and aemilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now Rodorigo?

Rod. I do not finde

That thou deal'st iustly with me

Iago. What in the contrarie?

Rodori. Euery day thou dafts me with some deuise

Iago, and rather, as it seemes to me now, keep'st from me all conueniencie, then suppliest me with the least aduantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I haue foolishly suffered

Iago. Will you heare me Rodorigo?

Rodori. I haue heard too much: and your words and Performances are no kin together

Iago. You charge me most vniustly

Rodo. With naught but truth: I haue wasted my selfe out of my meanes. The Iewels you haue had from me to deliuer Desdemona, would halfe haue corrupted a Votarist. You haue told me she hath receiu'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sodaine respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none

Iago. Well, go too: very well

Rod. Very well, go too: I cannot go too, (man) nor 'tis not very well. Nay I think it is scuruy: and begin to finde my selfe fopt in it

Iago. Very well

Rodor. I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make my selfe knowne to Desdemona. If she will returne me my Iewels, I will giue ouer my Suit, and repent my vnlawfull solicitation. If not, assure your selfe, I will seeke satisfaction of you

Iago. You haue said now

Rodo. I: and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and euen from this instant do build on thee a better opinion then euer before: giue me thy hand Rodorigo. Thou hast taken against me a most iust exception: but yet I protest I haue dealt most directly in thy Affaire

Rod. It hath not appeer'd

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeer'd: and your suspition is not without wit and iudgement. But Rodorigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to beleeeue now then euer (I meane purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enioy not Desdemona, take me from this world with Treacherie, and deuise Engines for my life

Rod. Well: what is it? Is it within, reason and compasse?

Iago. Sir, there is especiall Commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place

Rod. Is that true? Why then Othello and Desdemona returne againe to Venice

Iago. Oh no: he goes into Mauritania and taketh away with him the faire Desdemona, vnlesse his abode be lingred heere by some accident. Wherein none can be so determinate, as the remouing of Cassio

Rod. How do you meane remouing him?

Iago. Why, by making him vncapable of Othello's place: knocking out his braines

Rod. And that you would haue me to do

Iago. I: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a right. He sups to night with a Harlotry: and thither will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere to second your Attempt, and he shall fall betweene vs. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me: I will shew you such a necessitie in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time: and the night growes to wast. About it

Rod. I will heare further reason for this

Iago. And you shalbe satisfi'd.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Othello, Lodouico, Desdemona, aemilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you Sir, trouble your selfe no further

Oth. Oh pardon me: 'twill do me good to walke

Lodoui. Madam, good night: I humbly thanke your Ladyship

Des. Your Honour is most welcome

Oth. Will you walke Sir? Oh Desdemona

Des. My Lord

Othello. Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be return'd forthwith: dismisse your Attendant there: look't be done.
Enter.

Des. I will my Lord

Aem. How goes it now? He lookes gentler then he did

Des. He saies he will returne incontinent,
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismissee you

Aemi. Dismissee me?

Des. It was his bidding: therefore good aemilia,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displease him.

Aemil. I, would you had neuer seene him

Des. So would not I: my loue doth so approue him,
That euen his stubbornesse, his checks, his frownes,
(Prythee vn-pin me) haue grace and fauour

Aemi. I haue laid those Sheetes you bad me on the bed

Des. All's one: good Father, how foolish are our minds?
If I do die before, prythee shrow'd me
In one of these same Sheetes.

Aemil. Come, come: you talke

Des. My Mother had a Maid call'd Barbarie,
She was in loue: and he she lou'd prou'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willough,
An old thing 'twas: but it express'd her Fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That Song to night,
Will not go from my mind: I haue much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poore Barbarie: prythee dispatch

Aemi. Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?

Des. No, vn-pin me here,
This Lodouico is a proper man.

Aemil. A very handsome man

Des. He speakes well.

Aemil. I know a Lady in Venice would haue walk'd
barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip

Des. The poore Soule sat singing, by a Sicamour tree.
Sing all a greene Willough:

Her hand on her bosome her head on her knee,

Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.

The fresh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes

Sing Willough, &c.

Her salt teares fell from her, and softned the stones,

Sing Willough, &c. (Lay by these)

Willough, Willough. (Prythee high thee: he'le come anon)

Sing all a greene Willough must be my Garland.

Let no body blame him, his scorne I approue.

(Nay that's not next. Harke, who is't that knocks?

Aemil. It's the wind

Des. I call'd my Loue false Loue: but what said he then?

Sing Willough, &c.
If I court mo women, you'le couch with mo men.
So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:
Doth that boade weeping?
Aemil. 'Tis neyther heere, nor there

Des. I haue heard it said so. O these Men, these men!
Do'st thou in conscience thinke (tell me aemilia)
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such grosse kinde?
Aemil. There be some such, no question

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?
Aemil. Why, would not you?
Des. No, by this Heauenly light.
Aemil. Nor I neither, by this Heauenly light:
I might doo't as well i'th' darke

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for al the world?
Aemil. The world's a huge thing:
It is a great price, for a small vice

Des. Introth, I thinke thou would'st not.
Aemil. Introth I thinke I should, and vndoo't when
I had done. Marry, I would not doe such a thing for a
ioynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes,
Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for
all the whole world: why, who would not make her husband
a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should venture
Purgatory for't

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.
Aemil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world;
and hauing the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in
your owne world, and you might quickly make it right

Des. I do not thinke there is any such woman.
Aemil. Yes, a dozen: and as many to'th' vantage, as
would store the world they plaid for.
But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults
If Wiues do fall: (Say, that they slacke their duties,
And powre our Treasures into forraigne laps;
Or else breake out in peeuish Iealousies,
Throwing restraint vpon vs: Or say they strike vs,
Or scant our former hauing in despight)
Why we haue galles: and though we haue some Grace,
Yet haue we some Reuenge. Let Husbands know,
Their wiues haue sense like them: They see, and smell,
And haue their Palats both for sweet, and sowre,
As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,
When they change vs for others? Is it Sport?
I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?
I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus erres?
It is so too. And haue not we Affections?
Desires for Sport? and Frailty, as men haue?
Then let them vse vs well: else let them know,
The illes we do, their illes instruct vs so

Des. Good night, good night:
Heauen me such vses send,
Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.

Iago. Heere, stand behinde this Barke,
Straight will he come:
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing; Ile be at thy Elbow,
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that,
And fixe most firme thy Resolution

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't

Iago. Heere, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy stand

Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the deed,
And yet he hath giuen me satisfying Reasons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies

Iago. I haue rub'd this yong Quat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Euery way makes my gaine. Liue Rodorigo,
He calles me to a restitution large
Of Gold, and Iewels, that I bob'd from him,
As Guifts to Desdemona.
It must not be: If Cassio do remaine,
He hath a dayly beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and besides, the Moore
May vnfold me to him: there stand I in much perill:
No, he must dye. But so, I heard him comming.
Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyest

Cas. That thrust had beene mine enemy indeed,
But that my Coate is better then thou know'st:
I will make prooffe of thine

Rod. Oh, I am slaine

Cassio. I am maym'd for euer:
Helpe hoa: Murther, murther.
Enter Othello.

Oth. The voyce of Cassio. Iago keepes his word

Rod. O Villaine that I am

Oth. It is euen so

Cas. Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon

Oth. 'Tis he: O braue Iago, honest, and iust,
That hast such Noble sense of thy Friends wrong,
Thou teachest me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,
And your vnblest Fate highes: Strumpet I come:
For of my heart, those Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted.
Thy Bed lust-stain'd, shall with Lusts blood bee spotted.

Exit Othello.

Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.

Cas. What hoa? no Watch? No passage?
Murther, Murther

Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull

Cas. Oh helpe

Lodo. Hearke

Rod. Oh wretched Villaine

Lod. Two or three groane. 'Tis heauy night;
These may be counterfeits: Let's think't vn safe
To come into the cry, without more helpe

Rod. Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death.
Enter Iago.

Lod. Hearke

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and
Weapons

Iago. Who's there?
Who's noyse is this that cries on murther?

Lodo. We do not know

Iago. Do not you heare a cry?
Cas. Heere, heere: for heauen sake helpe me

Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is Othello's Ancient, as I take it

Lodo. The same indeede, a very valiant Fellow

Iago. What are you heere, that cry so greeuously?
Cas. Iago? Oh I am spoyl'd, vndone by Villaines:
Giue me some helpe

Iago. O mee, Lieutenant!
What Villaines haue done this?
Cas. I thinke that one of them is heereabout.
And cannot make away

Iago. Oh treacherous Villaines:
What are you there? Come in, and giue some helpe

Rod. O helpe me there

Cassio. That's one of them

Iago. Oh murd'rous Slaue! O Villaine!

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhumane Dogge!

Iago. Kill men i'th' darke?

Where be these bloody Theeues?

How silent is this Towne? Hoa, murther, murther.

What may you be? Are you of good, or euill?

Lod. As you shall proue vs, praise vs

Iago. Signior Lodouico?

Lod. He Sir

Iago. I cry you mercy: here's Cassio hurt by Villaines

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is't Brother?

Cas. My Legge is cut in two

Iago. Marry heauen forbid:

Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. Oh my deere Cassio,

My sweet Cassio: Oh Cassio, Cassio, Cassio

Iago. O notable Strumpet. Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that haue thus mangled you?

Cas. No

Gra. I am sorry to finde you thus;
I haue beene to seeke you

Iago. Lend me a Garter. So: - Oh for a Chaire
To beare him easily hence

Bian. Alas he faints. Oh Cassio, Cassio, Cassio

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash
To be a party in this Iniurie.
Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come;
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?
Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman
Rodorigo? No: Yes sure: Yes, 'tis Rodorigo

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Euen he Sir: Did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners,
That so neglected you

Gra. I am glad to see you

Iago. How do you Cassio? Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire

Gra. Rodorigo?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:

Oh that's well said, the Chaire.

Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
Ile fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Mistris,
Saue you your labour. He that lies slaine heere (Cassio)
Was my deere friend. What malice was between you

Cas. None in the world: nor do I know the man?

Iago. What? looke you pale? Oh beare him o'th' Ayre.

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Do you perceiue the gastnesse of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall heare more anon.

Behold her well: I pray you looke vpon her:

Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltinesse will speake

Though tongues were out of vse.

Aemil. Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, Husband?

Iago. Cassio hath heere bin set on in the darke

By Rodorigo, and Fellowes that are scap'd:

He's almost slaine, and Rodorigo quite dead.

Aemil. Alas good Gentleman: alas good Cassio

Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prythe aemilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supt to night.

What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not

Iago. O did he so? I charge you go with me.

Aemil. Oh fie vpon thee Strumpet

Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Aemil. As I? Fie vpon thee

Iago. Kinde Gentlemen:

Let's go see poore Cassio drest.

Come Mistris, you must tel's another Tale.

aemilia, run you to the Cittadell,

And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:

Will you go on afore? This is the night

That either makes me, or foredoes me quight.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my Soule)

Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starres,

It is the Cause. Yet Ile not shed her blood,

Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,

And smooth as Monumentall Alablaster:

Yet she must dye, else shee'll betray more men:

Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:

If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,

I can againe thy former light restore,

Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
Thou cunning'st Patterne of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that Promethæan heate
That can thy Light re-Lume.
When I haue pluck'd thy Rose,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It needs must wither. Ile smell thee on the Tree.
Oh Balmy breath, that dost almost perswade
Iustice to breake her Sword. One more, one more:
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after. One more, and that's the last.
So sweet, was ne're so fatall. I must weepe,
But they are cruell Teares: This sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes, where it doth loue. She wakes

Des. Who's there? Othello?
Othel. I Desdemona

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?
Oth. Haue you pray'd to night, Desdemon?
Des. I my Lord

Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime
Vnreconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,
Solicite for it straight

Des. Alacke, my Lord,
What may you meane by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by:
I would not kill thy vnprepared Spirit,
No, Heauens fore-fend) I would not kill thy Soule

Des. Talke you of killing?
Oth. I, I do

Des. Then Heauen haue mercy on mee

Oth. Amen, with all my heart

Des. If you say, I hope you will not kill me

Oth. Humh

Des. And yet I feare you: for you're fatall then
When your eyes rowle so.
Why I should feare, I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not: But yet I feelee I feare

Oth. Thinke on thy sinnes

Des. They are Loues I beare to you

Oth. I, and for that thou dy'st

Des. That death's vnnaturall, that kills for louing.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very Frame:
These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me

Oth. Peace, and be still

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That Handkerchiefe
Which I so lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'st to Cassio

Des. No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,
And aske him

Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed

Des. I, but not yet to dye

Oth. Presently.
Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne:
For to deny each Article with Oath,
Cannot remoue, nor choake the strong Conception
That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye

Des. O Heauen haue mercy on me

Oth. I say, Amen

Des. And haue you mercy too. I neuer did
Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd Cassio,
But with such generall warrantie of Heauen,
As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token

Oth. By Heauen I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
O periur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,
And makes me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I saw the Handkerchiefe

Des. He found it then:
I neuer gaue it him: Send, for him hither:
Let him confesse a truth

Oth. He hath confest

Des. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath vs'd thee

Des. How? vnlawfully?

Oth. I

Des. He will not say so

Oth. No: his mouth is stopp'd:
Honest Iago hath 'tane order for't

Des. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?

Oth. Had all his haire bin liues, my great Reuenge
Had stomacke for them all

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone

Oth. Out Strumpet: weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not

Oth. Downe Strumpet

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night

Oth. Nay, if you striue

Des. But halfe an houre

Oth. Being done, there is no pawse

Des. But while I say one prayer

Oth. It is too late.

Smothers her.

aemilia at the doore.

Aemil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?
My Lord, my Lord

Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine?
So, so.

Aemil. within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?

Oth. Who's there?

Aemil. Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word
with you

Oth. Yes: 'Tis aemilia: by and by. Shee's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speake of Cassio's death:
The noise was high. Hah, no more moouing?
Still as the Graue. Shall she come in? Wer't good?
I thinke she stirres againe. No, what's best to do?
If she come in, shee'll sure speake to my wife:
My wife, my wife: what wife? I haue no wife.
Oh insupportable! Oh heauy houre!
Me thinkes, it should be now a huge Eclipse
Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th' affrighted Globe
Did yawne at Alteration.
Aemil. I do beseech you
That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord

Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in aemilia.
Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
Enter aemilia.

Aemil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers
done

Oth. What? now?

Aemil. But now, my Lord

Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,

She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Aemil. Cassio, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian, call'd Rodorigo

Oth. Rodorigo kill'd? and Cassio kill'd?
Aemil. No, Cassio is not kill'd

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
And sweet Reuenge growes harsh

Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd.
Aemil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? What?
Aemil. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.
Helpe, helpe hoa, helpe. Oh Ladie speake againe,
Sweet Desdemona, oh sweet Mistris, speake

Des. A guiltlesse death, I dye.
Aemil. Oh who hath done this deed?
Des. No body: I my selfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell

Oth. Why, how should she be mured?
Aemil. Alas: who knowes?
Oth. You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.
Aemil. She said so: I must needs report the truth

Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Aemil. Oh the more Angell she, and you the blacker
Diuell

Oth. She turn'd to folly: and she was a whore.
Aemil. Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a diuell

Oth. She was false as water.
Aemil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heauenly true

Oth. Cassio did top her: Ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:
But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds
To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.
Aemil. My Husband?

Oth. Thy Husband.
Aemil. That she was false to Wedlocke?
Oth. I, with Cassio: had she bin true,
If Heauen would make me such another world,
Of one entyre and perfect Chrysolite,
I'd not haue sold her for it.
Aemil. My Husband?

Oth. I, 'twas he that told me on her first,
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That stickes on filthy deeds.
Aemil. My Husband?

Oth. What needs this itterance, Woman?
I say, thy Husband.
Aemil. Oh Mistris,

Villany hath made mockes with loue:

My Husband say she was false?

Oth. He, Woman;

I say thy Husband: Do'st vnderstand the word?

My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest Iago.

Aemil. If he say so, may his pernicious Soule

Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th' heart,

She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine

Oth. Hah?

Aemil. Do thy worst:

This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,

Then thou was't worthy her

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Aemil. Thou hast not halfe that powre to do me harm,

As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,

As ignorant as durt: thou hast done a deed

(I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee known,

Though I lost twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:

The Moore hath kill'd my Mistris. Murther, murther.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now Generall?

Aemil. Oh, are you come, Iago: you haue done well,

That men must lay their Murthers on your necke

Gra. What is the matter?

Aemil. Disproue this Villaine, if thou bee'st a man:

He sayes, thou told'st him that his wife was false:

I know thou did'st not: thou'rt not such a Villain.

Speake, for my heart is full

Iago. I told him what I thought,

And told no more

Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true.

Aemil. But did you euer tell him,

She was false?

Iago. I did.

Aemil. You told a Lye an odious damned Lye:

Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.

Shee false with Cassio?

Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, Mistris?

Go too, charme your tongue

Emil. I will not charme my Tongue;

I am bound to speake,

My Mistris heere lyes murdered in her bed

All. Oh Heauens, forefend

Emil. And your reports haue set the Murder on

Othello. Nay stare not Masters,

It is true indeede

Gra. 'Tis a strange Truth

Mont. O monstrous Acte

Emil. Villany, villany, villany:
I thinke vpon't, I thinke: I smel't: O Villany:
I thought so then: Ile kill my selfe for greefe.
O villany! villany!
Iago. What, are you mad?
I charge you get you home

Emil. Good Gentlemen, let me haue leaue to speake:
'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Perchance Iago, I will ne're go home

Oth. Oh, oh, oh

Emil. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye

Oth. Oh she was fowle!
I scarce did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,
Whose breath (indeed) these hands haue newly stopp'd:
I know this acte shewes horrible and grim

Gra. Poore Desdemon:
I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe
Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he liue now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turne:
Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,
And fall to Reprobance

Oth. 'Tis pittifull: but yet Iago knowes
That she with Cassio, hath the Act of shame
A thousand times committed. Cassio confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous workes
With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue
Which I first gaue her: I saw it in his hand:
It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token
My Father gaue my Mother

Emil. Oh Heauen! oh heauenly Powres!
Iago. Come, hold your peace

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?
No, I will speake as liberall as the North;
Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,
All, all, crie shame against me, yet Ile speake

Iago. Be wise, and get you home

Emil. I will not

Gra. Eye, your Sword vpon a Woman

Emil. Oh thou dull Moore,
That Handkerchiefe thou speak'st of
I found by Fortune, and did giue my Husband:
For often, with a solemne earnestnesse,

(More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)
He begg'd of me, to steale't

Iago. Villanous Whore

Emil. She giue it Cassio? No, alas I found it,
And I did giu't my Husband

Iago. Filth, thou lvest

Emil. By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what should such a Foole
Do with so good a wife?

Oth. Are there no stones in Heauen,
But what serues for the Thunder?
Precious Villaine

Gra. The woman falles:
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife

Emil. I, I: oh lay me by my Mistris side

Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd

Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon
Which I haue recouer'd from the Moore:
Come guard the doore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather. Ile after that same villaine,
For 'tis a damned Slaue.
Enter.

Oth. I am not valiant neither:
But euery Punie whipster gets my Sword.
But why should Honor out-liue Honesty?
Let it go all.

Aemil. What did thy Song boad Lady?
Hearke, canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Musicke: Willough, Willough, Willough.
Moore, she was chaste: She lou'd thee, cruell Moore,
So come my Soule to blisse, as I speake true:
So speaking as I thinke, alas, I dye

Oth. I haue another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Vnkle I must come forth

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer

Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and speake with me,
Or naked as I am I will assault thee

Gra. What is the matter?

Othel. Behold, I haue a weapon:
A better neuer did it selfe sustaine
Vpon a Soldiers Thigh. I haue seene the day,
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your stop. But (oh vaine boast)

Who can controll his Fate? 'Tis not so now.
Be not affraid, though you do see me weapon'd:
Heere is my iournies end, heere is my butt
And verie Sea-marke of my vtmost Saile.
Do you go backe dismaid? 'Tis a lost feare:
Man but a Rush against Othello's brest,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?
Now: how dost thou looke now? Oh ill-Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smocke: when we shall meete at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,
And Fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle?
Euen like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slaue!
Whip me ye Diuels,
From the possession of this Heauenly sight:
Blow me about in windes, roast me in Sulphure,
Wash me in steepe-downe gulfes of Liquid fire.
Oh Desdemon! dead Desdemon: dead. Oh, oh!
Enter Lodouico, Cassio, Montano, and Iago, with Officers.

Lod. Where is this rash, and most vnfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello: heere I am

Lod. Where is that Viper?

Bring the Villaine forth

Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a Fable,
If that thou bee'st a Diuell, I cannot kill thee

Lod. Wrench his Sword from him

Iago. I bleed Sir, but not kill'd

Othel. I am not sorry neither, Il'd haue thee liue:
For in my sense, 'tis happinesse to die

Lod. Oh thou Othello, that was once so good,
Falne in the practise of a cursed Slaue,
What shall be saide to thee

Oth. Why any thing:
An honourable Murderer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his Villany:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death

Oth. I

Cas. Deere Generall, I neuer gaue you cause

Oth. I do beleeeue it, and I aske your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Diuell,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my Soule and Body

Iag. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I neuer will speake word

Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips

Oth. Well, thou dost best

Lod. Sir,
You shall vnderstand what hath befallne,
(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the slaine Rodorigo,
And heere another, the one of them imports
The death of Cassio, to be vndertooke
By Rodorigo

Oth. O Villaine!
Cassio. Most Heathenish, and most grosse

Lod. Now, heere's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too: and this it seemes
Rodorigo meant t'haue sent this damned villaine:
But that (belike) Iago in the interim
Came in, and satisfi'd him

Oth. Oh thou pernitiuous Caitiffe;
How came you (Cassio) by that Handkerchiefe
That was my wiues?

Cassio. I found it in my Chamber:
And he himselve confest it but euen now,
That there he dropt it for a speciall purpose,
Which wrought to his desire

Othel. O Foole, foole, foole!
Cassio. There is besides, in Rodorigo's Letter,
How he vpbraides Iago, that he made him
Braue me vpon the Watch: whereon it came
That I was cast: and euen but now he spake
(After long seeming dead) Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on

Lod. You must forsake this roome, and go with vs:
Your Power, and your Command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this Slaue,
If there be any cunning Crueltie,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you goe:
I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't:
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these vnluckie deeds relate,
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe ought in malice.
Then must you speake,
Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:
Of one, not easily Iealious, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand
(Like the base Iudean) threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,
Albeit vn-vsed to the melting moode,
Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees

Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
I tooke by th' throat the circumcised Dogge,
And smoate him, thus

Lod. Oh bloody period

Gra. All that is spoke, is marr'd

Oth. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse.

Dyes

Cas. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart

Lod. Oh Sparton Dogge:
More fell then Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea:
Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:
This is thy worke:
The Object poysons Sight,
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keepe the house,
And seize vpon the Fortunes of the Moore,
For they succede on you. To you, Lord Gouvernor,
Remaines the Censure of this hellish villaine:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:
My selfe will straight aboard, and to the State,
This heauie Act, with heauie heart relate.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

METHODS FOR DISCOVERING OR PROVING THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

Project Gutenberg's *Origin of Cultivated Plants*, by Alphonse De Candolle

1. _General reflections._ As most cultivated plants have been under culture from an early period, and the manner of their introduction into cultivation is often little known, different means are necessary in order to ascertain their origin. For each species we need a research similar to those made by historians and archæologists—a varied research, in which sometimes one process is employed, sometimes another; and these are afterwards combined and estimated according to their relative value. The naturalist is here no longer in his ordinary domain of observation and description; he must support himself by historical proof, which is never demanded in the laboratory; and botanical facts are required, not with respect to the physiology of plants—a favourite study of the present day—but with regard to the distinction of species and their geographical distribution.

I shall, therefore, have to make use of methods of which some are foreign to naturalists, others to persons versed in historical learning. I shall say a few words of each, to explain how they should be employed and what is their value.

2. Botany. One of the most direct means of discovering the geographical origin of a cultivated species, is to seek in what country it grows spontaneously, and without the help of man. The question appears at the first glance to be a simple one. It seems, indeed, that by consulting floras, works upon species in general, or herbaria, we ought to be able to solve it easily in each particular case. Unfortunately it is, on the contrary, a question which demands a special knowledge of botany, especially of geographical botany, and an estimate of botanists and of collectors, founded on a long experience. Learned men, occupied with history or with the interpretation of ancient authors, are liable to grave mistakes when they content themselves with the first testimony they may happen to light upon in a botanical work. On the other hand, travellers who collect plants for a herbarium are not always sufficiently observant of the places and circumstances in which they find them. They often neglect to note down what they have remarked on the subject. We know, however, that a plant may have sprung from others cultivated in the neighbourhood; that birds, winds, etc., may have borne the seeds to great distances; that they are sometimes brought in the ballast of vessels or mixed with their cargoes. Such cases present themselves with respect to common species, much more so with respect to cultivated plants which abound near human dwellings. A collector or traveller had need be a keen observer to judge if a plant has sprung from a wild stock belonging to the flora of the country, or if it is of foreign origin. When the plant is growing near dwellings, on walls, among rubbish-heaps, by the wayside, etc., we should be cautious in forming an opinion.

It may also happen that a plant strays from cultivation, even to a distance from suspicious localities, and has nevertheless but a short duration, because it cannot in the long run support the conditions of the climate or the struggle with the indigenous species. This is what is called in botany an adventive species. It appears and disappears, a proof that it is not a native of the country. Every flora offers numerous examples of this kind. When these are more abundant than usual, the public is struck by the circumstance. Thus, the troops hastily summoned from Algeria into France in 1870, disseminated by fodder and otherwise a number of African and southern species which excited wonder, but of which no trace remained after two or three winters.

Some collectors and authors of floras are very careful in noting these facts. Thanks to personal relations with some of them, and to frequent references to their herbaria and botanical works, I flatter myself I am acquainted with them. I shall, therefore, willingly cite their testimony in doubtful cases. For certain countries and certain species I have addressed myself directly to these eminent naturalists. I have appealed to their memory, to their notes, to their herbaria, and from the answers they have been so kind as to return, I have been enabled to add unpublished documents to those found in works already made public. My sincere thanks are due for information of this nature received from Mr. C. B. Clarke on the plants of India, from M. Boissier on those of the East, from M. Sagot on the species of French Guiana, from M. Cosson on those of Algeria, from MM. Decaisne and Bretschneider on the plants of China, from M. Pancic on the cereals of Servia, from Messrs. Benthams and Baker on the specimens of the herbarium at Kew, lastly from M. Edouard

André on the plants of America. This zealous traveller was kind enough to lend me some most interesting specimens of species cultivated in South America, which he found presenting every appearance of indigenous plants.

A more difficult question, and one which cannot be solved at once, is whether a plant growing wild, with all the appearance of the indigenous species, has existed in the country from a very early period, or has been introduced at a more or less ancient date.

For there are naturalized species, that is, those that are introduced among the plants of the ancient flora, and which, although of foreign origin, persist there in such a manner that observation alone cannot distinguish them, so that historical records or botanical considerations, whether simple or geographical, are needed for their detection. In a very general sense, taking into consideration the lengthened periods with which science is concerned, nearly all species, especially in the regions lying outside the tropics, have been once naturalized; that is to say, they have, from geographical and physical circumstances, passed from one region to another. When, in 1855, I put forward the idea that conditions anterior to our epoch determined the greater number of the facts of the actual distribution of plants—this was the sense of several of the articles, and of the conclusion of my two volumes of geographical botany[8]—it was received with considerable surprise. It is true that general considerations of palæontology had just led Dr. Unger,[9] a German savant, to adopt similar ideas, and before him Edward Forbes had, with regard to some species of the southern counties of the British Isles, suggested the hypothesis of an ancient connection with Spain.[10] But the proof that it is impossible to explain the habitations of the whole number of present species by means of the conditions existing for some thousands of years, made a greater impression, because it belonged more especially to the department of botanists, and did not relate to only a few plants of a single country. The hypothesis suggested by Forbes became an assured fact and capable of general application, and is now a truism of science. All that is written on geographical or zoological botany rests upon this basis, which is no longer contested.

This principle, in its application to each country and each species, presents a number of difficulties; for when a cause is once recognized, it is not always easy to discover how it has affected each particular case. Luckily, so far as cultivated plants are concerned, the questions which occur do not make it necessary to go back to very ancient times, nor to dates which cannot be defined by a given number of years or centuries. No doubt the modern specific forms date from a period earlier than the great extension of glaciers in the northern hemisphere—a phenomenon of several thousand years' duration, if we are to judge from the size of the deposits transported by the ice; but cultivation began after this epoch, and even in many instances within historic time. We have little to do with previous events. Cultivated species may have changed their abode before cultivation, or in the course of a longer time they may have changed their form; this belongs to the general study of all organized life, and we are concerned only with the examination of each species since its cultivation or in the time immediately before it. This is a great simplification.

The question of age, thus limited, may be approached by means of historical or other records, of which I shall presently speak, and by the principles of geographical botany.

I shall briefly enumerate these, in order to show in what manner they can aid in the discovery of the geographical origin of a given plant.

As a rule, the abode of each species is constant, or nearly constant. It is, however, sometimes disconnected; that is to say, that the individuals of which it is composed are found in widely separated regions. These cases, which are extremely interesting in the study of the vegetable kingdom and of the surface of the globe, are far from forming the majority. Therefore, when a cultivated species is found wild, frequently in Europe, more rarely in the United States, it is probable that, in spite of its indigenous appearance in America, it has become naturalized after being accidentally transported thither.

The genera of the vegetable kingdom, although usually composed of several species, are often confined to a single region. It follows, that the more species included in a genus all belonging to the same quarter of the globe, the more probable it is that one of the species, apparently indigenous in another part of the world, has been transported thither and has become naturalized there, by escaping from cultivation. This is especially the case with tropical genera, because they are more often restricted either to the old or to the new world.

Geographical botany teaches us what countries have genera and even species in common, in spite of a certain distance, and what, on the contrary, are very different, in spite of similarity of climate or inconsiderable distance. It also teaches us what species, genera, and families are scattered over a wide area, and the more limited extent of others. These data are of great assistance in determining the probable origin of a given species. Naturalized plants spread rapidly. I have quoted examples elsewhere[11] of instances within the last two centuries, and similar facts have been noted from year to year. The rapidity of the recent invasion of *Anacharis Alsinastrum* into the rivers of Europe is well known, and that of many European plants in New Zealand, Australia, California, etc., mentioned in several floras or modern travels.

The great abundance of a species is no proof of its antiquity. *Agave Americana*, so common on the shores of the Mediterranean, although introduced from America, and our cardoon, which now covers a great part of the Pampas of La Plata, are remarkable instances in point. As a rule, an invading species makes rapid way, while extinction is, on the contrary, the result of the strife of several centuries against unfavourable circumstances.[12]

The designation which should be adopted for allied species, or, to speak scientifically, allied forms, is a problem often presented in natural history, and more often in the category of cultivated species than in others. These plants are changed by cultivation. Man adopts new and convenient forms, and propagates them by artificial means, such as budding, grafting, the choice of seeds, etc. It is clear that, in order to discover the origin of one of these species, we must eliminate as far as possible the forms which appear to be artificial, and concentrate our attention on the others. A simple reflection may guide this choice, namely, that a cultivated species varies chiefly in those parts for which it is cultivated. The others remain unmodified, or present trifling alterations, of which the cultivator takes no note, because they are useless to him. We may expect, therefore, to find the fruit of a wild fruit tree small and of a doubtfully agreeable flavour, the grain

of a cereal in its wild state small, the tubercles of a wild potato small, the leaves of indigenous tobacco narrow, etc., without, however, going so far as to imagine that the species developed rapidly under cultivation, for man would not have begun to cultivate it if it had not from the beginning presented some useful or agreeable qualities.

When once a cultivated plant has been reduced to such a condition as permits of its being reasonably compared with analogous spontaneous forms, we have still to decide what group of nearly similar plants it is proper to designate as constituting a species. Botanists alone are competent to pronounce an opinion on this question, since they are accustomed to appreciate differences and resemblances, and know the confusion of certain works in the matter of nomenclature. This is not the place to discuss what may reasonably be termed a species. I have stated in some of my articles the principles which seem to me the best. As their application would often require a study which has not been made, I have thought it well occasionally to treat quasi-specific forms as a group which appears to me to correspond to a species, and I have sought the geographical origin of these forms as though they were really specific.

To sum up: botany furnishes valuable means of guessing or proving the origin of cultivated plants and for avoiding mistakes. We must, however, by no means forget that practical observation must be supplemented by research in the study. After gaining information from the collector who sees the plants in a given spot or district, and who draws up a flora or a catalogue of species, it is indispensable to study the known or probable geographical distribution in books and in herbaria, and to reflect upon the principles of geographical botany and on the questions of classification, which cannot be done by travelling or collecting. Other researches, of which I shall speak presently, must be combined with those of botany if we would arrive at satisfactory conclusions.

3. Archæology and Palæontology. The most direct proof which can be conceived of the ancient existence of a species in a given country is to see its recognizable fragments in old buildings or deposits, of a more or less certain date.

The fruits, seeds, and different portions of plants taken from ancient Egyptian tombs, and the drawings which surround them in the pyramids, have given rise to most important researches, which I shall often have to mention. Nevertheless, there is a possible source of error; the fraudulent introduction of modern plants into the sarcophagi of the mummies. This was easily discovered in the case of some grains of maize, for instance, a plant of American origin, which were introduced by the Arabs; but species cultivated in Egypt within the last two or three thousand years may have been added, which would thus appear to have belonged to an earlier period. The tumuli or mounds of North America, and the monuments of the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians, have furnished records about the plants cultivated in that part of the world. Here we are concerned with an epoch subsequent to the pyramids of Egypt.

The deposits of the Swiss lake-dwellings have been the subject of important treatises, among which that of Heer, quoted just now, holds the first place. Similar works have been published on the vegetable remains found in other lakes or peat mosses of Switzerland, Savoy, Germany, and Italy. I shall quote them with reference to several species. Dr. Gross has been kind enough to send me seeds and fruits taken from the lake-dwellings of Neuchâtel; and my colleague, Professor

Heer, has favoured me with several facts collected at Zürich since the publication of his work. I have already said that the rubbish-heaps of the Scandinavian countries, called kitchen-middens, have furnished no trace of cultivated vegetables.

The tufa of the south of France contains leaves and other remains of plants, which have been discovered by MM. Martins, Planchon, de Saporta, and other savants. Their date is not, perhaps, always earlier than that of the first lacustrine deposits, and it is possible that it agrees with that of ancient Egyptian monuments, and of ancient Chinese books. Lastly, the mineralogic strata, with which geologists are specially concerned, tell us much about the succession of vegetable forms in different countries; but here we are dealing with epochs far anterior to agriculture, and it would be a strange and certainly a most valuable chance if a modern cultivated species were discovered in the European tertiary epoch. No such discovery has hitherto been made with any certainty, though uncultivated species have been recognized in strata prior to the glacial epoch of the northern hemisphere. For the rest, if we do not succeed in finding them, the consequences will not be clear, since it may be said, either that such a plant came at a later date from a different region, or that it had formerly another form which renders its recognition impossible in a fossil state.

4. History. Historical records are important in order to determine the date of certain cultures in each country. They also give indications as to the geographical origin of plants when they have been propagated by the migrations of ancient peoples, by travellers, or by military expeditions.

The assertions of authors must not, however, be accepted without examination.

The greater number of ancient historians have confused the fact of the cultivation of a species in a country with that of its previous existence there in a wild state. It has been commonly asserted, even in our own day, that a species cultivated in America or China is a native of America or China. A no less common error is the belief that a species comes originally from a given country because it has come to us from thence, and not direct from the place in which it is really indigenous. Thus the Greeks and Romans called the peach the Persian apple, because they had seen it cultivated in Persia, where it probably did not grow wild. It was a native of China, as I have elsewhere shown. They called the pomegranate, which had spread gradually from garden to garden from Persia to Mauritania, the apple of Carthage (Malum Punicum). Very ancient authors, such as Herodotus and Berosius, are yet more liable to error, in spite of their desire to be accurate.

We shall see, when we speak of maize, that historical documents which are complete forgeries may deceive us about the origin of a species. It is curious, for it seems to be no one's interest to lie about such agricultural facts. Fortunately, facts of botany and archæology enable us to detect errors of this nature.

The principal difficulty, which commonly occurs in the case of ancient historians, is to find the exact translation of the names of plants, which in their books always bear the common names. I shall speak presently of the value of these names and how the science of language may be brought to bear on the questions with which we are occupied, but I must first indicate those historical notions which are most useful in

the study of cultivated plants.

Agriculture came originally, at least so far as the principal species are concerned, from three great regions, in which certain plants grew, regions which had no communication with each other. These are—China, the south-west of Asia (with Egypt), and intertropical America. I do not mean to say that in Europe, in Africa, and elsewhere savage tribes may not have cultivated a few species locally, at an early epoch, as an addition to the resources of hunting and fishing; but the great civilizations based upon agriculture began in the three regions I have indicated. It is worthy of note that in the old world agricultural communities established themselves along the banks of the rivers, whereas in America they dwelt on the high lands of Mexico and Peru. This may perhaps have been due to the original situation of the plants suitable for cultivation, for the banks of the Mississippi, of the Amazon, of the Orinoco, are not more unhealthy than those of the rivers of the old world.

A few words about each of the three regions.

China had already possessed for some thousands of years a flourishing agriculture and even horticulture, when she entered for the first time into relations with Western Asia, by the mission of Chang-Kien, during the reign of the Emperor Wu-ti, in the second century before the Christian era. The records, known as Pent-sao, written in our Middle Ages, state that he brought back the bean, the cucumber, the lucern, the saffron, the sesame, the walnut, the pea, spinach, the water-melon, and other western plants, [13] then unknown to the Chinese. Chang-Kien, it will be observed, was no ordinary ambassador. He considerably enlarged the geographical knowledge, and improved the economic condition of his countrymen. It is true that he was constrained to dwell ten years in the West, and that he belonged to an already civilized people, one of whose emperors had, 2700 B.C., consecrated with imposing ceremonies the cultivation of certain plants. The Mongolians were too barbarous, and came from too cold a country, to have been able to introduce many useful species into China; but when we consider the origin of the peach and the apricot, we shall see that these plants were brought into China from Western Asia, probably by isolated travellers, merchants or others, who passed north of the Himalayas. A few species spread in the same way into China from the West before the embassy of Chang-Kien.

Regular communication between China and India only began in the time of Chang-Kien, and by the circuitous way of Bactriana; [14] but gradual transmissions from place to place may have been effected through the Malay Peninsula and Cochin-China. The writers of Northern China may have been ignorant of them, and especially since the southern provinces were only united to the empire in the second century before Christ. [15]

Regular communications between China and Japan only took place about the year 57 of our era, when an ambassador was sent; and the Chinese had no real knowledge of their eastern neighbours until the third century, when the Chinese character was introduced into Japan. [16]

The vast region which stretches from the Ganges to Armenia and the Nile was not in ancient times so isolated as China. Its inhabitants exchanged cultivated plants with great facility, and even transported them to a distance. It is enough to remember that ancient migrations and conquests continually intermixed the Turanian, Aryan, and Semitic peoples between the Caspian Sea, Mesopotamia, and the Nile. Great states were formed

nearly at the same time on the banks of the Euphrates and in Egypt, but they succeeded to tribes which had already cultivated certain plants. Agriculture is older in that region than Babylon and the first Egyptian dynasties, which date from more than four thousand years ago. The Assyrian and Egyptian empires afterwards fought for supremacy, and in their struggles they transported whole nations, which could not fail to spread cultivated species. On the other hand, the Aryan tribes who dwelt originally to the north of Mesopotamia, in a land less favourable to agriculture, spread westward and southward, driving out or subjugating the Turanian and Dravidian nations. Their speech, and those which are derived from it in Europe and Hindustan, show that they knew and transported several useful species.[17] After these ancient events, of which the dates are for the most part uncertain, the voyages of the Phœnicians, the wars between the Greeks and Persians, Alexander's expedition into India, and finally the Roman rule, completed the spread of cultivation in the interior of Western Asia, and even introduced it into Europe and the north of Africa, wherever the climate permitted.

Later, at the time of the crusades, very few useful plants yet remained to be brought from the East. A few varieties of fruit trees which the Romans did not possess, and some ornamental plants, were, however, then brought to Europe.

The discovery of America in 1492 was the last great event which caused the diffusion of cultivated plants into all countries. The American species, such as the potato, maize, the prickly pear, tobacco, etc., were first imported into Europe and Asia. Then a number of species from the old world were introduced into America. The voyage of Magellan (1520-1521) was the first direct communication between South America and Asia. In the same century the slave trade multiplied communications between Africa and America. Lastly, the discovery of the Pacific Islands in the eighteenth century, and the growing facility of the means of communication, combined with a general idea of improvement, produced that more general dispersion of useful plants of which we are witnesses at the present day.

5. Philology. The common names of cultivated plants are usually well known, and may afford indications touching the history of a species, but there are examples in which they are absurd, based upon errors, or vague and doubtful, and this involves a certain caution in their use.

I could quote a number of such names in all languages; it is enough to mention, in French, blé de Turquie, maize, a plant which is not a wheat, and which comes from America; in English, Jerusalem artichoke (Helianthus tuberosus), which does not come from Jerusalem, but from North America, and is no artichoke.

A number of names given to foreign plants by Europeans when they are settled in the colonies, express false or insignificant analogies. For instance, the New Zealand flax resembles the true flax as little as possible; it is merely that a textile substance is obtained from its leaves. The mahogany apple (cashew) of the French West India Isles is not an apple, nor even the fruit of a pomaceous tree, and has nothing to do with mahogany.

Sometimes the common names have changed, in passing from one language to another, in such a manner as to give a false or absurd meaning. Thus the tree of Judea of the French (Cercis Siliquastrum) has become the Judas tree in English. The fruit called by the Mexicans ahuaca, is

become the _avocat_ (lawyer) of the French colonists.

Not unfrequently names of plants have been taken by the same people at successive epochs or in different provinces, sometimes as generic, sometimes as specific names. The French word _blé_, for instance, may mean several species of the genus *Triticum*, and even of very different nutritious plants (maize and wheat), or a given species of wheat.

Several common names have been transferred from one plant to another through error or ignorance. Thus the confusion made by early travellers between the sweet potato (_Convolvulus Batatas_) and the potato (_Solanum tuberosum_) has caused the latter to be called potato in English and _patatas_ in Spanish.

If modern, civilized peoples, who have great facilities for comparing species, learning their origin and verifying their names in books, have made such mistakes, it is probable that ancient nations have made many and more grave errors. Scholars display vast learning in explaining the philological origin of a name, or its modifications in derived languages, but they cannot discover popular errors or absurdities. It is left for botanists to discover and point them out. We may note, in passing, that the double or compound names are the most doubtful. They may consist of two mistakes; one in the root or principal name, the other in the addition or accessory name, destined almost always to indicate the geographical origin, some visible quality, or some comparison with other species. The shorter a name is, the better it merits consideration in questions of origin or antiquity; for it is by the succession of years, of the migrations of peoples, and of the transport of plants, that the addition of often erroneous epithets takes place. Similarly, in symbolic writing, like that of the Chinese and the Egyptians, unique and simple signs indicate long-known species, not imported from foreign countries, while complicated signs are doubtful or indicate a foreign origin. We must not forget, however, that the signs have often been rebuses, based on chance resemblances in the words, or on superstitious and fanciful ideas.

The identity of a common name for a given species in several languages may have two very different explanations. It may be because a plant has been spread by a people which has been dispersed and scattered. It may also result from the transmission of a plant from one people to another with the name it bore in its original home. The first case is that of the hemp, of which the name is similar, at least as to the root, in all the tongues derived from the primitive Aryan stock. The second is seen in the American name of tobacco, the Chinese of tea, which have spread into a number of countries, without any philological or ethnographic filiation. This case has occurred oftener in modern than in ancient times, because the rapidity of communications allows of the simultaneous introduction of a plant and of its name, even where the distance is great.

The diversity of names for the same species may also spring from various causes. As a rule, it indicates an early existence in different countries, but it may also arise from the mixture of races, or from names of varieties which take the place of the original name. Thus in England we find, according to the county, a Keltic, Saxon, Danish, or Latin name; and flax bears in Germany the names of _flachs_ and _lein_, words which are evidently of different origin.

When we desire to make use of the common names to gather from them

certain probabilities regarding the origin of species, it is necessary to consult dictionaries and the dissertations of philologists; but we must take into account the chances of error in these learned men, who, since they are neither cultivators nor botanists, may have made mistakes in the application of a name to a species.

The most considerable collection of common names is that of Nemnich, published in 1793.[18] I have another in manuscript which is yet more complete, drawn up in our library by an old pupil of mine, Moritzzi, by means of florals and of several books of travel written by botanists. There are, besides, dictionaries of the names of the species in given countries or in some special language. This kind of glossary does not often contain explanations of etymology; but in spite of what Hehn[19] may say, a naturalist possessed of an ordinary general education can recognize the connection or the fundamental differences between certain names in different languages, and need not confound modern with ancient languages. It is not necessary to be initiated into the mysteries of suffixes or affixes, of dentals and labials. No doubt the researches of a philologist into etymologies are more profound and valuable, but this is rarely necessary when our researches have to do with cultivated plants. Other sciences are more useful, especially that of botany; and philologists are more often deficient in these than naturalists are deficient in philology, for the very evident reason that more place is given to languages than to natural history in general education. It appears to me, moreover, that philologists, notably those who are occupied with Sanskrit, are always too eager to find the etymology of every name. They do not allow sufficiently for human stupidity, which has in all time given rise to absurd words, without any real basis, and derived only from error or superstition.

The filiation of modern European tongues is known to every one. That of ancient languages has, for more than half a century, been the object of important labours. Of these I cannot here give even a brief notice. It is sufficient to recall that all modern European languages are derived from the speech of the Western Aryans, who came from Asia, with the exception of Basque (derived from the Iberian language), Finnish, Turkish, and Hungarian, into which, moreover, words of Aryan origin have been introduced. On the other hand, several modern languages of India, Ceylon, and Java, are derived from the Sanskrit of the Eastern Aryans, who left Central Asia after the Western Aryans. It is supposed, with sufficient probability, that the first Western Aryans came into Europe 2500 B.C., and the Eastern Aryans into India a thousand years later.

Basque (or Iberian), the speech of the Guanchos of the Canary Isles, of which a few plant names are known, and Berber, are probably connected with the ancient tongues of the north of Africa.

Botanists are in many cases forced to doubt the common names attributed to plants by travellers, historians, and philologists. This is a consequence of their own doubts respecting the distinction of species and of the well-known difficulty of ascertaining the common name of a plant. The uncertainty becomes yet greater in the case of species which are more easily confounded or less generally known, or in the case of the languages of little-civilized nations. There are, so to speak, degrees of languages in this respect, and the names should be accepted more or less readily according to these degrees.

In the first rank, for certainty, are placed those languages which possess botanical works. For instance, it is possible to recognize a

species by means of a Greek description by Dioscorides or Theophrastus, and by the less complete Latin texts of Cato, Columella, or Pliny. Chinese books also give descriptions. Dr. Bretschneider, of the Russian legation at Peking, has written some excellent papers upon these books, from which I shall often quote.[20]

The second degree is that of languages possessing a literature composed only of theological and poetical works, or of chronicles of kings and battles. Such works make mention here and there of plants, with epithets or reflections on their mode of flowering, their ripening, their use, etc., which allow their names to be divined, and to be referred to modern botanical nomenclature. With the added help of a knowledge of the flora of the country, and of the common names in the languages derived from the dead language, it is possible to discover approximately the sense of some words. This is the case with Sanskrit,[21] Hebrew,[22] and Armenian.[23]

Lastly, a third category of dead languages offers no certainty, but merely presumptions or hypothetical and rare indications. It comprehends those tongues in which there is no written work, such as Keltic, with its dialects, the ancient Sclavonic, Pelasgic, Iberian, the speech of the primitive Aryans, Turanians, etc. It is possible to guess certain names or their approximate form in these dead languages by two methods, both of which should be employed with caution.

The first and best is to consult the languages derived, or which we believe to be derived, directly from the ancient tongues, as Basque for the Iberian language, Albanian for the Pelasgic, Breton, Erse, and Gaelic for Keltic. The danger lies in the possibility of mistake in the filiation of the languages, and especially in a mistaken belief in the antiquity of a plant-name which may have been introduced by another people. Thus the Basque language contains many words which seem to have been taken from the Latin at the time of the Roman rule. Berber is full of Arab words, and Persian of words of every origin, which probably did not exist in Zend.

The other method consists in reconstructing a dead language which had no literature, by means of those which are derived from it; for instance, the speech of the Western Aryans, by means of the words common to several European languages which have sprung from it. Fick's dictionary will hardly serve for the words of ancient Aryan languages, for he gives but few plant-names, and his arrangement renders it unintelligible to those who have no knowledge of Sanskrit. Adolphe Pictet's work[24] is far more important to naturalists, and a second edition, augmented and improved, has been published since the author's death. Plant-names and agricultural terms are explained and discussed in this work, in a manner all the more satisfactory that an accurate knowledge of botany is combined with philology. If the author attributes perhaps too much importance to doubtful etymologies, he makes up for it by other knowledge, and by his excellent method and lucidity.

The plant-names of the Euskarian or Basque language have been considered from the point of view of their probable etymology by the Comte de Charencey, in *Les Actes de la Société Philologique* (vol. i. No. 1, 1869). I shall have occasion to quote this work, of which the difficulties were great, in the absence of all literature and of all derived languages.

6. *The necessity for combining the different methods.* *The various*

methods of which I have spoken are of unequal value. It is clear that when we have archæological records about a given species, like those of the Egyptian monuments, or of the Swiss lake-dwellings, these are facts of remarkable accuracy. Then come the data furnished by botany, especially those on the spontaneous existence of a species in a given country. These, if examined with care, may be very important. The assertions contained in the works of historians or even of naturalists respecting an epoch at which science was only beginning, have not the same value. Lastly, the common names are only an accessory means, especially in modern languages, and a means which, as we have seen, is not entirely trustworthy. So much may be said in a general way, but in each particular case one method or the other may be more or less important.

Each can only lead to probabilities, since we are dealing with facts of ancient date which are beyond the reach of direct and actual observation. Fortunately, if the same probability is attained in three or four different ways, we approach very near to certainty. The same rule holds good for researches into the history of plants as for researches into the history of nations. A good author consults historians who have spoken of events, the archives in which unpublished documents are found, the inscriptions on ancient monuments, the newspapers, private letters, finally memoirs and even tradition. He gathers probabilities from every source, and then compares these probabilities, weighs and discusses them before deciding. It is a labour of the mind which requires intelligence and judgment. This labour differs widely from observation employed in natural history, and from pure reason which is proper to the exact sciences. Nevertheless, when, by several methods, we reach the same probability, I repeat that the latter is very nearly a certainty. We may even say that it is as much a certainty as historical science can pretend to attain.

I have the proof of this when I compare my present work with that which I composed by the same methods in 1855. For the species which I then studied, I have now more authorities and better authenticated facts, but my conclusions on the origin of each species have scarcely altered. As they were already based on a combination of methods, probabilities have usually become certainties, and I have not been led to conclusions absolutely contrary to those previously formed.

Archæological, philological, and botanical data become more and more numerous. By their means the history of cultivated plants is perfected, while the assertions of ancient authors lose instead of gaining in importance. From the discoveries of antiquaries and philologists, moderns are better acquainted than the Greeks with Chaldea and ancient Egypt. They can prove mistakes in Herodotus. Botanists on their side correct Theophrastus, Dioscorides, and Pliny from their knowledge of the flora of Greece and Italy, while the study of classical authors to which learned men have applied themselves for three centuries has already furnished all that it has to give. I cannot help smiling when, at the present day, savants repeat well-known Greek and Latin phrases, and draw from them what they call conclusions. It is trying to extract juice from a lemon which has already been repeatedly squeezed. We must say it frankly, the works which repeat and commentate on the ancient authors of Greece and Rome without giving the first place to botanical and archæological facts, are no longer on a level with the science of the day. Nevertheless, I could name several German works which have attained to the honour of a third edition. It would have been better to reprint the earlier publications of Fraas and Lenz, of Targioni and Heldreich,

which have always given more weight to the modern data of botany, than to the vague descriptions of classic authors; that is to say, to facts than to words and phrases.

OUR TRICOLOUR TIE

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Plum Pudding*, by Christopher Morley

We went up to the composing room just now to consult our privy counsellor, Peter Augsberger, the make-up man, and after Peter had told us about his corn----

It is really astonishing, by the way, how many gardeners there are in a newspaper office. We once worked in a place where a horticultural magazine and a beautiful journal of rustic life were published, and the delightful people who edited those magazines were really men about town; but here in the teeming city and in the very node of urban affairs, to wit, the composing room, one hears nought but merry gossip about gardens, and the great and good men by whom we are surrounded begin their day by gazing tenderly upon jars full of white iris. And has not our friend Charley Sawyer of the dramatic department given us a lot of vegetable marrow seeds from his own garden and greatly embarrassed us by so doing, for he has put them in two packets marked "Male" and "Female," and to tell the truth we had no idea that the matter of sex extended even as far as the apparently placid and unperturbed vegetable marrow. Mr. Sawyer explained carefully to us just how the seeds ought to be planted, the males and females in properly wedded couples, we think he said; but we are not quite sure, and we are too modest to ask him to explain again; but if we should make a mistake in planting those seeds, if we were to---- Come, we are getting away from our topic. Peter had told us about his corn, in his garden, that is, out in Nutley (and that reminds us of the difficulties of reading poetry aloud. Mr. Chesterton tells somewhere a story about a poem of Browning's that he heard read aloud when he was a child, and understood the poem to say "John scorns ale."

Now Mr. Chesterton--you understand, of course, we are referring to Gilbert Keith Chesterton--being from his very earliest youth an avowed partisan of malt liquor, this heresy made an impression upon his tender cortex, and he never forgot about John, in Browning's poem, scorning ale. But many years afterward, reading Browning, he found that the words really were: "John's corns ail," meaning apparently that John was troubled by pedal callouses.) Peter, we repeat, and to avoid any further misunderstanding and press diligently toward our theme, having mentioned his garden, who should come up to us but Pete Corcoran, also of the composing room force, and a waggish friend of ours, and gazing on us in a manner calculated to make us feel ill at ease he said, "I suppose you are going to write something about that tie of yours."

Now we were wearing a scarf that we are very fond of, the kind of tie, we believe, that is spoken of as "regimental stripes"; at any rate, it is designated with broad diagonal bands of colour: claret, gold, and blue. It was obvious to us that Pete Corcoran, or, to give

him his proper name, Mr. Corcoran, had said what he did merely in a humorous way, or possibly satiric, implying that we are generally so hard up for something to write about that we would even undertake so trifling a subject as haberdashery; but as we went downstairs again to our kennel, au dixième, as Mr. Wanamaker would call it, we thought seriously about this and decided that we would cause Pete's light-hearted suggestion to recoil violently upon his friendly brow, and that we would write a little essay about this tie and tell its story, which, to be honest, is very interesting to us. And this essay we are now endeavouring to write, even if it has to run in several instalments.

It was curious, incidentally (but not really more curious than most human affairs), that Pete (or Mr. Corcoran) whether he was merely chaffing us, or whether he was really curious about a scarf of such wanton colour scheme, should have mentioned it just when he did, for as a matter of fact that tie had been on our mind all morning. You see to-day being warm (and please remember that what we call to-day, is now, when you are reading this, yesterday) we did not wear our waistcoat, or, if you prefer, our vest; but by the time we had decided not to wear our waistcoat we had already tied our scarf in the usual way we tie that particular scarf when we wear it, viz., so as to conceal a certain spot on it which got there we know not how. We do not know what kind of a spot it is; perhaps it is a soup stain, perhaps it is due to a shrimp salad we had with Endymion at that amusing place that calls itself the Crystal Palace; we will not attempt to trace the origin of that swarthy blemish on the soft silk of our tie; but we have cunningly taught ourself to knot the thing so that the spot does not show. (Good, we have made that plain: we are getting along famously.)

Since the above was written we have been uptown and had lunch with Alf Harcourt and Will Howe and other merry gentlemen; and Will Howe, who used to be a professor of English and is now a publisher, says we ought to break up our essays into shorter paragraphs. We are fain and teachable, as someone once said in a very pretty poem; we will start a new paragraph right away.

But when our tie is tied in the manner described above, it leaves one end very much longer than the other. This is not noticeable when we wear our waistcoat; but having left off our waistcoat, we were fearful that the manner in which our tie was disposed would attract attention; and everyone would suspect just why it was tied in that way.

And we did not have time to take it off and put on another one, because we had to catch the 8:06.

So when Pete Corcoran spoke about our tie, was that what was in his mind, we wondered? Did he infer the existence of that spot, even though he did not see it? And did he therefore look down upon, or otherwise feel inclined to belittle our tie? If that were the case, we felt that we really owed it to ourself to tell the story of the tie, how we bought it, and why; and just why that tie is to us not merely a strip of rather gaudy neckwear, but a symbol of an enchanting experience, a memory and token of an epoch in our life, the sign and expression of a certain feeling that can never come again--and, indeed (as the sequel will show), that should not have come when it did.

It was a bright morning, last November, in Gloversville, New York, when we bought that tie. Now an explanation of just why we bought that tie, and what we were doing in Gloversville, cannot possibly be put into a paragraph, at any rate the kind of paragraph that Will Howe (who used to be a professor of English) would approve. On the whole, rather than rewrite the entire narrative, tersely, we will have to postpone the dénouement (of the story, not the tie) until to-morrow. This is an exhibition of the difficulty of telling anything exactly. There are so many subsidiary considerations that beg for explanation. Please be patient, Pete, and to-morrow we will explain that tie in detail.

II

It was a bright and transparent cold morning in Gloversville, N.Y., November, 1919, and passing out of the Kingsborough Hotel we set off to have a look at the town. And if we must be honest, we were in passable good humour. To tell the truth, as Gloversville began its daily tasks in that clear lusty air and in a white dazzling sunshine, we believed, simpleton that we were, that we were on the road toward making our fortune. Now, we will have to be brief in explanation of the reason why we felt so, for it is a matter not easy to discuss with the requisite delicacy. Shortly, we were on the road--"trouping," they call it in the odd and glorious world of the theatre--with a little play in which we were partially incriminated, on a try-out voyage of one-night stands. The night before, the company had played Johnstown (a few miles from Gloversville), and if we do have to say it, the good-natured citizens of that admirable town had given them an enthusiastic reception. So friendly indeed had been our houses on the road and so genially did the company manager smile upon us that any secret doubts and qualms we had entertained were now set at rest. Lo! had not the company manager himself condescended to share a two-room suite with us in the Kingsborough Hotel that night? And we, a novice in this large and exhilarating tract of life, thought to ourself that this was the ultimate honour that could be conferred upon a lowly co-author. Yes, we said to ourself, as we beamed upon the excellent town of Gloversville, admiring the Carnegie Library and the shops and the numerous motor cars and the bright shop windows and munching some very fine doughnuts we had seen in a bakery. Yes, we repeated, this is the beginning of fame and fortune. Ah! Pete Corcoran may scoff, but that was a bright and golden morning, and we would not have missed it. We did not know then the prompt and painful end destined for that innocent piece when it reached the Alba Via Maxima. All we knew was that Saratoga and Newburgh and Johnstown had taken us to their bosoms.

At this moment, and our thoughts running thus, we happened to pass by the window of a very alluring haberdasher's shop. In that window we saw displayed a number of very brilliant neckties, all rich and glowing with bright diagonal stripes. The early sunlight fell upon them and they were brave to behold. And we said to ourself that it would be a proper thing for one who was connected with the triumphal onward march of a play that was knocking them cold on the one-night circuit to flourish a little and show some sign of worldly vanity. (We were still young, that November, and our mind was still subject to some harmless frailties.) We entered the shop and bought that

tie, the very same one that struck Pete Corcoran with a palsy when he saw it the other day. We put it in our pocket and walked back to the hotel.

Now comes a portion of the narrative that exhibits to the full the deceits and stratagems of the human being. This tie, which we liked so much, thinking it the kind of thing that would add a certain dash and zip to our bearing, was eminently a metropolitan-looking kind of scarf. No one would think to look at it that it had been bought in Gloversville. And we said to ourself that if we went quietly back to the hotel and slipped unobtrusively into the washroom and put on that tie, no one would know that we had just bought it in Gloversville, but would think it was a part of our elaborate wardrobe that we had brought from New York. Very well. (We would not reveal these shameful subterfuges to any one but Pete Corcoran.) No sooner said than done; and behold us taking the trolley from Gloversville to Fonda, with the rest of the company, wearing that tie that flared and burned in the keen wintry light like a great banner, like an oriflamme of youthful defiance.

And what a day that was! We shall never forget it; we will never forget it! Was that the Mohawk Valley that glittered in the morning? (A sunshine so bright that sitting on the sunward side of the smoker and lighting our pipe, the small flame of our match paled shamefully into a tiny and scarce visible ghost.) Our tie strengthened and sustained us in our zest for a world so coloured and contoured. We even thought that it was a bit of a pity that our waistcoat was cut with so shallow and conservative a V that the casual passerby would see but little of that triumphant silk beacon. The fellow members of our company were too polite to remark upon it, but we saw that they had noticed it and took it as a joyful omen.

We had two and a half hours in Albany that day and we remember that we had set our heart on buying a certain book. Half an hour we allotted to lunch and the other two hours was spent in visiting the bookshops of Albany, which are many and good. We wonder if any Albany booksellers chance to recall a sudden flash of colour that came, moved along the shelves, and was gone? We remember half a dozen book stores that we visited; we remember them just as well as if it were yesterday, and we remember the great gusto and bright cheer of the crowds of shoppers, already doing their Christmas pioneering. We remember also that three of the books we bought (to give away) were McFee's "Aliens" and Frank Adams's "Tobogganing on Parnassus," yes, and Stevenson's "Lay Morals." Oh, a great day! And we remember the ride from Albany to Kingston, with the darkening profile of the Catskills on the western side of the train, the tawny colours of the fields (like a lion's hide), the blue shadows of the glens, the sparkling Hudson in quick blinks of brightness, the lilac line of the hills when we reached Kingston in the dusk. We remember the old and dilapidated theatre at Kingston, the big shabby dressing rooms of the men, with the scribbled autographs of former mummers on the walls. And that night we said good-bye to our little play, whose very imperfections we had grown to love by this time, and took the 3:45 A.M. milk train to New York. We slept on two seats in the smoker, and got to Weehawken in the brumous chill of a winter dawn--still wearing our tie. Now can Pete Corcoran wonder why we are fond of it, and why, ever and anon, we get it out and wear it in remembrance?

THE ONE-CELLED ANIMALS OR PROTOZOA

Project Gutenberg's *Stories of the Universe: Animal Life*, by B. Lindsay

Some idea of the general characteristics of the Protozoa has already been given by the description of Amoeba. We may now say something about special groups of the Protozoa, which have minor characteristics of their own.

Amoeba belongs to the class Rhizopoda, as has been already stated; but there are many of the Rhizopoda that greatly differ from Amoeba in appearance. The possession of a shell or skeleton gives a special importance to several groups. For, as the reader has no doubt already learnt from an earlier volume in this series, such skeletons or shells have played an important part in the history of the earth's surface, building up geological strata of vast extent, by the accumulation of the shells left after the decay of the owners' tiny bodies, during long periods of time. The chalk rocks that form the "white cliffs of Albion," and that are so widely distributed in other parts of the globe, are formed in this manner; while the ooze of the Atlantic and other oceans, similarly composed of Protozoan débris, is now at the present time building up what will be the chalk rocks of future ages. Some of these Protozoans attain a remarkable size, instead of being microscopic, as is the case typically with the one-celled animals. Some forms of the Foraminifera found on the coast of North America measure as much as one-fifth of an inch across, while in warmer seas there are kinds which attain, as did the extinct Nummulite of Egypt, the size of a bean. Two inches across is mentioned as the maximum diameter, however, of either extinct or living forms. The Foraminifera are sometimes named Reticularia, because their pseudopodia interlace.

[Illustration: FIG. 8.--Fossil Skeletons of Polycystina, from the so-called "Infusorial Earth" of Barbadoes, highly magnified.]

The Foraminifera have shells composed of carbonate of lime, but there are other forms that build up geological deposits, in which the shell is flinty. The diagram (Fig. 8) shows some fossil shells of Protozoa from the marl of Barbadoes. These constitute a deposit which was named "Infusorial earth," in the earlier days of microscopic observation, when all Protozoans were spoken of as Infusoria. The name, Infusoria, it must be recollected, is now restricted to a special class, to which the forms in question do not belong. These fossil forms were named Polycystina, and are still often spoken of under that name, although the animals that present the peculiar feature of possessing "more than one cyst" now are called Radiolarians. The "cyst" consists of a basket-work supporting skeleton of flint; there may be several, one inside the other, and connected by radial bars. A living species named Actinomma has three such layers of basket-work, one in the outer layer of protoplasm, one in the inner layer, and a central one. It will perhaps be remembered by the reader that the animals of this group, Radiolaria, are forms described in a previous volume of the series, as so curiously associated in Symbiosis with the algæ known as Yellow Cells.

The famous polishing slate of Bilin in Bohemia consists of flinty Protozoan shells; it is 14 feet thick, and a cubic inch has been estimated to contain 41,000,000,000 of the shells.

While the Radiolarians are marine, the Heliozoa, a group in which the skeleton is also present, but not usually so greatly developed, are predominantly fresh-water forms. Both classes take their name (Ray-animals, Sun-animals) from the stiff radiating rods of the skeleton.

Strongly to be contrasted with the above groups belonging to the Rhizopoda are the Infusoria proper, which are characterized by the usual possession of cilia. Cilia (literally "eyelashes") are fine hair-like processes of the protoplasm of the cell, which fringe its exterior; by their constant movement they enable the animal to swim, and at the same time they create a current in the water, which washes up to the region of the mouth particles which may serve for food; for these creatures have this very great advantage over Amoeba, and the other forms above referred to, that they possess something which may be called a mouth. That is to say, there is one particular spot of the surface where particles are taken in. This may seem to be a restriction, when we compare the Infusorian with Amoeba, which is apparently able to take in food at any part of the surface. But it is a restriction which is associated with an advantage; the Infusorian cell, namely, has a firm exterior with a definite outline, instead of being soft and mobile all over. The firmer exterior layer of protoplasm, which is in turn covered by a thin cuticle or limiting membrane, is called the cortex or rind. For this reason the name Corticata is sometimes given to the group, i.e., Protozoa with a rind.

Vorticella, the Bell Animalcule, is a stalked form living in ditches, which is usually selected as a typical form of the Infusoria. It receives its name, the Whirlpool Animal, from the current which its cilia create in the water. The purpose of this current is to wash food particles into the mouth. Associated with the Infusoria under the name of Corticata are the Gregarina and some other parasitic forms.

It is interesting to note that the main types of the unicellular animals are repeated again in the cells of different parts of the bodies of multicellular animals. Amoeboid cells, so called because of their mobility and general resemblance to Amoeba, are found in various parts of the higher animals. The lymph corpuscles of vertebrata, and the white corpuscles of vertebrate blood, as well as the blood corpuscles of invertebrates, are among the instances of this. There are cells, on the contrary, such as those that line the mucous tracts, which are of a Vorticella type, so to speak; fixed to their bases, and presenting cilia on the free aspect.

Two things must be noticed before we leave the subject of the Protozoa. One is, that some forms present the beginning of a multicellular condition. Several units sometimes join together, and in this way a complex object may be formed, in which there are several nuclei; or the original unit may keep on growing till it consists of many successive portions, and in some of them a fresh nucleus may arise. This occurs in some of the Foraminifera.

The next thing to be noticed is, that there are a number of organisms which constitute a debateable ground, and are claimed now by the botanist, and now by the zoologist. While the latter insists on calling them Protozoa (Primitive Animals) the former would have them Protophyta (Primitive Plants). The fact is that in these organisms of the first grade, the distinction between "plant" and "animal" has not become a hard and fast line; and the disputed forms may be best described as

links between the two. The chemistry of nutrition is probably more to be relied upon as a distinction, than the difference of structure. It is here that the two groups, plants and animals, start upon different roads, and many of the differences in structure must be regarded as the direct result of the fundamental difference in the mode of nutrition. The following very instructive remarks on the subject are taken from Professor Hertwig's valuable book "The Biological Problem of To-Day," [B] pp. 111, 112.

[B] "The Biological Problem of To-Day, Preformation or Epigenesis," by Professor O. Hertwig. Translated by P. C. Mitchell. Heinemann, 1896.

"The different mode of nutrition of animals results in a totally different structural plan. Animal cells absorb material that is already organised, and that they may do so their cells are either quite naked, so affording an easy passage for solid particles, or they are clothed only by a thin membrane, through which solutions of slightly diffusible organic colloids may pass. Therefore, unlike plants, multicellular animals display a compact structure with internal organs adapted to the different conditions which result from the method of nutrition peculiar to animals. A unicellular animal takes organic particles bodily into its protoplasm, and forming around them temporary cavities known as food vacuoles, treats them chemically. The multicellular animal has become shaped so as to enclose a space within its body, into which solid organic food-particles are carried and digested thereafter in a state of solution, to be shared by the single cells lining the cavity. In this way the animal body does not require so close a relation with the medium surrounding it; its food, the first requirement of an organism, is distributed to it from inside outwards. In its further complication the animal organisation proceeds along the same lines. The system of internal hollows becomes more complicated by the specialisation of secreting surfaces, and by the formation of an alimentary canal, and of a body-cavity separate from the alimentary canal. In plants it is the external surface that is increased as much as possible. In animals, in obedience to their different requirements, increase takes place in the internal surface. The specialisation of plants displays itself in organs externally visible--in leaves, twigs, flowers, and tendrils. The specialisation of animals is concealed within the body, for the internal surface is the starting-point for the formation of the organs and tissues."

TABLE SHOWING THE CLASSIFICATION OF THE PROTOZOA

=Grade I.=		{ RHIZOPODA, OR
		{ GYMNOXYA.
UNICELLULAR ANIMALS.	=PROTOZOA=	{
		{ INFUSORIA, OR
		{ CORTICATA.

OUR NATIONAL FORESTS

The Project Gutenberg eBook, The School Book of Forestry, by Charles Lathrop Pack
1922

Our National Forests include 147 distinct and separate bodies of timber in twenty-seven different states and in Alaska and Porto Rico. They cover more than 156,000,000 acres. If they could be massed together in one huge area like the state of Texas, it would make easier the task of handling the forests and fighting fires. The United States Forest Service, which has charge of their management and protection, is one of the largest and most efficient organizations of its kind in the world. It employs expert foresters, scientists, rangers and clerks.

The business of running the forest is centred in eight district offices located in different parts of the country with a general headquarters at Washington, D.C. These districts are in charge of district foresters and their assistants.

The district headquarters and the States that they look after are:

- No. 1. Northern District, Missoula, Montana.
(Montana, northeastern Washington,
northern Idaho, and northwestern South
Dakota.)
- No. 2. Rocky Mountain District, Denver, Colorado.
(Colorado, Wyoming, the remainder
of South Dakota, Nebraska, northern
Michigan, and northern Minnesota.)
- No. 3. Southwestern District, Albuquerque,
New Mexico. (Most of Arizona and New
Mexico.)
- No. 4. Intermountain District, Ogden, Utah.
(Utah, southern Idaho, western Wyoming,
eastern and central Nevada, and
northwestern Arizona.)
- No. 5. California District, San Francisco, California.
(California and southwestern Nevada.)
- No. 6. North Pacific District, Portland, Oregon.
(Washington and Oregon.)
- No. 7. Eastern District, Washington, D.C.
(Arkansas, Alabama, Florida, Oklahoma,
North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia,
Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, New
Hampshire, Maine, and Porto Rico.)
- No. 8. Alaska District, Juneau, Alaska.
(Alaska.)

Each of the National Forests is under the direct supervision of a forest supervisor and is split up into from 5 to 10 or more ranger districts. Each ranger district is in charge of a forest ranger who has an area of from 100,000 to 200,000 acres in his charge.

The National Forests are, for the most part, located in the mountainous region of the West, with small scattered areas in the Lake States, and the White Mountains, Southern Appalachians and Ozarks of the Eastern and Southern States. Many of them are a wilderness of dense timber. It is a huge task to protect these forests against the ravages of fire. Fire fighting takes precedence over all other work in the National Forests. Lookout stations are established on high points to watch for signs of fire. Airplanes are used on fire patrol over great areas of forest. Where railroads pass through the National Forests, rangers operate motor cars and hand-cars over the tracks in their patrol work. Launches are used in Alaska and on some of the forests where there are large lakes, to enable the fire fighters and forest guardians to cover their beats quickly. Every year the National Forests are being improved and made more accessible by the building of permanent roads, trails and telephone lines. Special trails are built to and in the fire protection areas of remote sections. A network of good roads is constructed in every forest to improve fire fighting activities as well as to afford better means of communication between towns, settlements and farms. The road and trail plan followed in the National Forests is mapped out years in advance. In the more remote sections, trails are first constructed. Later, these trails may be developed into wagon or motor roads. Congress annually appropriates large sums of money for the building of roads in the National Forests. Over 25,000 miles of roads and 35,000 miles of trails have already been constructed in these forests.

Communication throughout the National Forests is had by the use of the telephone and the radio or wireless telephone. Signalling by means of the heliograph is practiced on bright days in regions that have no telephones. Arrangements made with private telephone companies permit the forest officers to use their lines. The efficient communication systems aid in the administration of the forests and speeds the work of gathering fire fighters quickly at the points where smoke is detected.

Agricultural and forestry experts have surveyed the lands in the National Forests. Thus they have prevented the use of lands for forestry purposes which are better adapted for farming. Since 1910, more than 26,500,000 acres of lands have been excluded from the forests. These lands were more useful for farming or grazing than for forestry. Practically all lands within the National Forests have now been examined and classified. At intervals Congress has combined several areas of forest lands into single tracts. Government lands outside the National Forests have also been traded for state or private lands within their boundaries. Thus the forests have been lined-up in more compact bodies. Careful surveys are made before such trades are closed to make sure that the land given to Uncle Sam is valuable for timber production and the protection of stream flow, and that the Government receives full value for the land that is exchanged.

The National Forests contain nearly five hundred billion board feet of merchantable timber. This is 23 per cent. of the remaining timber in the country. Whenever the trees in the forest reach maturity they are sold and put to use. All green trees to be cut are selected by qualified forest officers and blazed and marked with a "U.S." This marking is done carefully so as to protect the forest and insure a future crop of trees on the area. Timber is furnished at low rates to local farmers, settlers, and stockmen for use in making improvements. Much fire wood and dead and down timber also is given away. The removal of such material lessens the fire danger in the forest.

Over a billion feet of timber, valued at more than \$3,000,000, is sold annually from the National Forests.

One generally does not think of meat, leather and wool as forest crops. Nevertheless, the National Forests play an important part in the western livestock industry. Experts report that over one-fifth of the cattle and one-half of the sheep of the western states are grazed in the National Forests. These livestock are estimated to be worth nearly one-quarter billion dollars. More than 9,500,000 head of livestock are pastured annually under permit in the Federal forests. In addition, some 4,000,000 to 6,000,000 calves and lambs are grazed free of charge.

[Illustration: SEED BEDS IN A FOREST NURSERY]

The ranges suitable for stock grazing are used to pasture sheep, cattle, horses, hogs and goats. The Secretary of Agriculture decides what number and what kind of animals shall graze on each forest. He regulates the grazing and prevents injury to the ranges from being overstocked with too many cattle and sheep. The forest ranges are divided into grazing units. Generally, the cattle and horses are grazed in the valleys and on the lower slopes of the mountain. The sheep and goats are pastured on the high mountain sides and in the grassy meadows at or above timberline.

Preferences to graze live stock on the forest ranges are for the most part granted to stockmen who own improved ranch property and live in or near one of the National Forests. The fee for grazing on forest ranges is based on a yearlong rate of \$1.20 a head of cattle, \$1.50 for horses, \$.90 for hogs and \$.30 a head for sheep.

At times it is necessary, for short periods, to prohibit grazing on the Government forest ranges. For example, when mature timber has been cut from certain areas, it is essential that sheep be kept off such tracts until the young growth has made a good start in natural reforestation. Camping grounds needed for recreation purposes by the public are excluded from the grazing range. If a shortage of the water supply of a neighboring town or city threatens, or if floods or erosion become serious due to fire or overgrazing of the land, the range is closed to live-stock and allowed to recuperate. Where artificial planting is practiced, grazing is often forbidden until the young trees get a good start.

The total receipts which Uncle Sam collects from the 30,000 or more stockmen who graze their cattle and sheep on the National Forests amount to nearly \$2,500,000 annually. As a result of the teachings of the Forest Service, the stockmen are now raising better livestock. Improved breeding animals are kept in the herds and flocks. Many of the fat stock now go directly from the range to the market. Formerly, most of the animals had to be fed on corn and grain in some of the Middle Western States to flesh them for market. Experiments have been carried on which have shown the advantages of new feeding and herding methods. The ranchers have banded together in livestock associations, which coöperate with the Forest Service in managing the forest ranges.

It costs about \$5 to sow one acre of ground to tree seed, and approximately \$10 an acre to set out seedling trees. The seed is obtained from the same locality where it is to be planted. In many instances, cones are purchased from settlers who make a business of gathering them. The Federal foresters dry these cones in the sun and thresh out the seed, which they then fan and clean. If it is desired to store supplies of tree seed from year to year it is kept in sacks or jars, in a cool, dry place, protected from rats and mice. Where seed is sown directly on the ground, poison bait must be scattered over the area in order to destroy the gophers, mice and chipmunks which otherwise would eat the seed. Sowing seed broadcast on unprepared land has usually failed unless the soil and weather conditions were just right. For the most part, setting out nursery seedlings has given better results than direct seeding. Two men can set out between five hundred and one thousand trees a day.

The National Forests contain about one million acres of denuded forest lands. Much of this was cut-over and so severely burned before the creation of the forests that it bears no tree growth. Some of these lands will reseed themselves naturally while other areas have to be seeded or planted by hand. In this way the lands that will produce profitable trees are fitted to support forest cover. Because the soils and climate of our National Forests are different, special experiments have been carried on in different places to decide the best practices to follow. Two method of reforestation are commonly practiced. In some places, the tree seed is sown directly upon the ground and, thereafter, may or may not be cultivated. This method is limited to the localities where the soil and moisture conditions are favorable for rapid growth. Under the other plan, the seedlings are grown in nurseries for several years under favorable conditions. They are then moved to the field and set out in permanent plantations.

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Curiosities of Literature*, Vol. 1 (of 3), by Isaac D'Israeli

We are indebted to the Italians for the idea of newspapers. The title of their *_gazettas_* was, perhaps, derived from *_gazzera_*, a magpie or chatterer; or, more probably, from a farthing coin, peculiar to the city of Venice, called *_gazetta_*, which was the common price of the

newspapers. Another etymologist is for deriving it from the Latin _gaza_, which would colloquially lengthen into _gazetta_, and signify a little treasury of news. The Spanish derive it from the Latin _gaza_, and likewise their _gazatero_, and our _gazetteer_, for a writer of the _gazette_ and, what is peculiar to themselves, _gazetista_, for a lover of the gazette.

Newspapers, then, took their birth in that principal land of modern politicians, Italy, and under the government of that aristocratical republic, Venice. The first paper was a Venetian one, and only monthly; but it was merely the newspaper of the government. Other governments afterwards adopted the Venetian plan of a newspaper, with the Venetian name:--from a solitary government gazette, an inundation of newspapers has burst upon us.

Mr. George Chalmers, in his Life of Ruddiman, gives a curious particular of these Venetian gazettes:--"A jealous government did not allow a _printed_ newspaper; and the Venetian _gazetta_ continued long after the invention of printing, to the close of the sixteenth century, and even to our own days, to be distributed in _manuscript_." In the Magliabechian library at Florence are thirty volumes of Venetian gazettas, all in manuscript.

Those who first wrote newspapers were called by the Italians _menanti_; because, says Vossius, they intended commonly by these loose papers to spread about defamatory reflections, and were therefore prohibited in Italy by Gregory XIII. by a particular bull, under the name of _menantes_, from the Latin _minantes_, threatening. Menage, however, derives it from the Italian _menare_, which signifies to lead at large, or spread afar.

We are indebted to the wisdom of Elizabeth and the prudence of Burleigh for the first newspaper. The epoch of the Spanish Armada is also the epoch of a genuine newspaper. In the British Museum are several newspapers which were printed while the Spanish fleet was in the English Channel during the year 1588. It was a wise policy to prevent, during a moment of general anxiety, the danger of false reports, by publishing real information. The earliest newspaper is entitled "The English Mercurie," which by _authority_ was "imprinted at London by her highness's printer, 1588." These were, however, but extraordinary gazettes, not regularly published. In this obscure origin they were skilfully directed by the policy of that great statesman Burleigh, who, to inflame the national feeling, gives an extract of a letter from Madrid which speaks of putting the queen to death, and the instruments of torture on board the Spanish fleet.

George Chalmers first exultingly took down these patriarchal newspapers, covered with the dust of two centuries.

The first newspaper in the collection of the British Museum is marked No. 50, and is in Roman, not in black letter. It contains the usual articles of news, like the London Gazette of the present day. In that curious paper, there are news dated from Whitehall, on the 23rd July, 1588. Under the date of July 26, there is the following notice:--"Yesterday the Scots ambassador, being introduced to Sir Francis Walsingham, had a private audience of her majesty, to whom he delivered a letter from the king his master; containing the most cordial assurances of his resolution to adhere to her majesty's interests, and to those of the Protestant religion. And it may not here be improper to

take notice of a wise and spiritual saying of this young prince (he was twenty-two) to the queen's minister at his court, viz.--That all the favour he did expect from the Spaniards was the courtesy of Polypheme to Ulysses, _to be the last devoured_. The gazetteer of the present day would hardly give a more decorous account of the introduction of a foreign minister. The aptness of King James's classical saying carried it from the newspaper into history. I must add, that in respect to his _wit_ no man has been more injured than this monarch. More pointed sentences are recorded of James I. than perhaps of any prince; and yet, such is the delusion of that medium by which the popular eye sees things in this world, that he is usually considered as a mere royal pedant. I have entered more largely on this subject, in an "Inquiry of the Literary and Political Character of James I." [51]

Periodical papers seem first to have been more generally used by the English, during the civil wars of the usurper Cromwell, to disseminate amongst the people the sentiments of loyalty or rebellion, according as their authors were disposed. _Peter Heylin_, in the preface to his _Cosmography_, mentions, that "the affairs of each town, of war, were better presented to the reader in the _Weekly News-books_." Hence we find some papers, entitled "News from Hull," "Truths from York," "Warranted Tidings from Ireland," &c. We find also, "The Scots' Dove" opposed to "The Parliament Kite," or "The Secret Owl."--Keener animosities produced keener titles: "Heraclitus ridens" found an antagonist in "Democritus ridens," and "The Weekly Discoverer" was shortly met by "The Discoverer stript naked." "Mercurius Britannicus" was grappled by "Mercurius Mastix, faithfully lashing all Scouts, Mercuries, Posts, Spies, and others." Under all these names papers had appeared, but a "Mercury" was the prevailing title of these "News-books," and the principles of the writer were generally shown by the additional epithet. We find an alarming number of these Mercuries, which, were the story not too long to tell, might excite laughter; they present us with a very curious picture of those singular times.

Devoted to political purposes, they soon became a public nuisance by serving as receptacles of party malice, and echoing to the farthest ends of the kingdom the insolent voice of all factions. They set the minds of men more at variance, inflamed their tempers to a greater fierceness, and gave a keener edge to the sharpness of civil discord.

Such works will always find adventurers adapted to their scurrilous purposes, who neither want at times either talents, or boldness, or wit, or argument. A vast crowd issued from the press, and are now to be found in private collections. They form a race of authors unknown to most readers of these times: the names of some of their chiefs, however, have reached us, and in the minor chronicle of domestic literature I rank three notable heroes; Marchmont Needham, Sir John Birkenhead, and Sir Roger L'Estrange.

Marchmont Needham, the great patriarch of newspaper writers, was a man of versatile talents and more versatile politics; a bold adventurer, and most successful, because the most profligate of his tribe. From college he came to London; was an usher in Merchant Tailors' school; then an under clerk in Gray's Inn; at length studied physic, and practised chemistry; and finally, he was a captain, and in the words of our great literary antiquary, "siding with the rout and scum of the people, he made them weekly sport by railing at all that was noble, in his Intelligence, called Mercurius Britannicus, wherein his endeavours were to sacrifice the fame of some lord, or any person of quality, and of the

king himself, to the beast with many heads." He soon became popular, and was known under the name of Captain Needham, of Gray's Inn; and whatever he now wrote was deemed oracular. But whether from a slight imprisonment for aspersing Charles I. or some pique with his own party, he requested an audience on his knees with the king, reconciled himself to his majesty, and showed himself a violent royalist in his "Mercurius Pragmaticus," and galled the Presbyterians with his wit and quips. Some time after, when the popular party prevailed, he was still further enlightened, and was got over by President Bradshaw, as easily as by Charles I. Our Mercurial writer became once more a virulent Presbyterian, and lashed the royalists outrageously in his "Mercurius Politicus;" at length on the return of Charles II. being now conscious, says our cynical friend Anthony, that he might be in danger of the halter, once more he is said to have fled into Holland, waiting for an act of oblivion. For money given to a hungry courtier, Needham obtained his pardon under the great seal. He latterly practised as a physician among his party, but lived detested by the royalists; and now only committed harmless treasons with the College of Physicians, on whom he poured all that gall and vinegar which the government had suppressed from flowing through its natural channel.

The royalists were not without their Needham in the prompt activity of Sir John Birkenhead. In buffoonery, keenness, and boldness, having been frequently imprisoned, he was not inferior, nor was he at times less an adventurer. His "Mercurius Aulicus" was devoted to the court, then at Oxford. But he was the fertile parent of numerous political pamphlets, which appear to abound in banter, wit, and satire. Prompt to seize on every temporary circumstance, he had equal facility in execution. His "Paul's Church-yard" is a bantering pamphlet, containing fictitious titles of books and acts of parliament, reflecting on the mad reformers of those times. One of his poems is entitled "The Jolt," being written on the Protector having fallen off his own coach-box: Cromwell had received a present from the German Count Oldenburgh, of six German horses, and attempted to drive them himself in Hyde Park, when this great political Phaeton met the accident, of which Sir John Birkenhead was not slow to comprehend the benefit, and hints how unfortunately for the country it turned out! Sir John was during the dominion of Cromwell an author by profession. After various imprisonments for his majesty's cause, says the venerable historian of English literature already quoted, "he lived by his wits, in helping young gentlemen out at dead lifts in making poems, songs, and epistles on and to their mistresses; as also in translating, and other petite employments." He lived however after the Restoration to become one of the masters of requests, with a salary of 3000l. a year. But he showed the baseness of his spirit, says Anthony, by slighting those who had been his benefactors in his necessities.

Sir Roger L'Estrange among his rivals was esteemed as the most perfect model of political writing. He was a strong party-writer on the government side, for Charles the Second, and the compositions of the author seem to us coarse, yet they contain much idiomatic expression. His Æsop's Fables are a curious specimen of familiar style. Queen Mary showed a due contempt of him, after the Revolution, by this anagram:--

Roger L'Estrange,
Lye strange Roger!

Such were the three patriarchs of newspapers. De Saint Foix gives the origin of newspapers to France. Renaudot, a physician at Paris, to amuse

his patients was a great collector of news; and he found by these means that he was more sought after than his learned brethren. But as the seasons were not always sickly, and he had many hours not occupied by his patients, he reflected, after several years of assiduity given up to this singular employment, that he might turn it to a better account, by giving every week to his patients, who in this case were the public at large, some fugitive sheets which should contain the news of various countries. He obtained a privilege for this purpose in 1632.

At the Restoration the proceedings of parliament were interdicted to be published, unless by authority; and the first daily paper after the Revolution took the popular title of "The Orange Intelligencer."

In the reign of Queen Anne, there was but one daily paper; the others were weekly. Some attempted to introduce literary subjects, and others topics of a more general speculation. Sir Richard Steele formed the plan of his Tatler. He designed it to embrace the three provinces, of manners and morals, of literature, and of politics. The public were to be conducted insensibly into so different a track from that to which they had been hitherto accustomed. Hence politics were admitted into his paper. But it remained for the chaster genius of Addison to banish this painful topic from his elegant pages. The writer in polite letters felt himself degraded by sinking into the diurnal narrator of political events, which so frequently originate in rumours and party fictions. From this time, newspapers and periodical literature became distinct works--at present, there seems to be an attempt to revive this union; it is a retrograde step for the independent dignity of literature.

FOOTNOTES:

[Footnote 51: Since the appearance of the eleventh edition of this work, the detection of a singular literary deception has occurred. The evidence respecting The English Mercurie rests on the alleged discovery of the literary antiquary, George Chalmers. I witnessed, fifty years ago, that laborious researcher busied among the long dusty shelves of our periodical papers, which then reposed in the ante-chamber to the former reading-room of the British Museum. To the industry which I had witnessed, I confided, and such positive and precise evidence could not fail to be accepted by all. In the British Museum, indeed, George Chalmers found the printed English Mercurie; but there also, it now appears, he might have seen the original, with all its corrections, before it was sent to the press, written on paper of modern fabric. The detection of this literary imposture has been ingeniously and unquestionably demonstrated by Mr. Thomas Watts, in a letter to Mr. Panizzi, the keeper of the printed books in the British Museum. The fact is, the whole is a modern forgery, for which Birch, preserving it among his papers, has not assigned either the occasion or the motive. Mr. Watts says--"The general impression left on the mind by the perusal of the Mercurie is, that it must have been written after the Spectator"; that the manuscript was composed in modern spelling, afterwards antiquated in the printed copy; while the type is similar to that used by Caslon in 1766. By this accidental reference to the originals, "the unaccountably successful imposition of fifty years was shattered to fragments in five minutes." I am inclined to suspect that it was a jeu d'esprit of historical antiquarianism, concocted by Birch and his friends the Yorkes, with whom, as it is well known, he was concerned in a more elegant literary recreation, the composition of the Athenian Letters. The blunder of George Chalmers has been repeated in

numerous publications throughout Europe and in America. I think it better to correct the text by this notice than by a silent suppression, that it may remain a memorable instance of the danger incurred by the historian from forged documents; and a proof that multiplied authorities add no strength to evidence, when nil are to be traced to a single source.]

STANDISH O'GRADY

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Imaginations and Reveries*, by
(A.E.) George William Russell

In this age we read so much that we lay too great a burden on the imagination. It is unable to create images which are the spiritual equivalent of the words on the printed page, and reading becomes for too many an occupation of the eye rather than of the mind. How rarely, out of the multitude of volumes a man reads in his lifetime, can he remember where or when he read any particular book, or with any vividness recall the mood it evoked in him. When I close my eyes, and brood in memory over the books which most profoundly affected me, I find none excited my imagination more than Standish O'Grady's epical narrative of Cuculain. Whitman said of his *Leaves of Grass*: "Camerado, this is no book. Who touches this touches a man," and O'Grady might have boasted of his *Bardic History of Ireland*, written with his whole being, that there was more than a man in it, there was the soul of a people, its noblest and most exalted life symbolized in the story of one heroic character.

With reference to Ireland, I was at the time I read like many others who were bereaved of the history of their race. I was as a man who, through some accident, had lost memory of his past, Who could recall no more than a few months of new life, and could not say to what songs his cradle had been rocked, what mother had nursed him, who were the playmates of childhood, or by what woods and streams he had wandered. When I read O'Grady I was as such a man who suddenly feels ancient memories rushing at him, and knows he was born in a royal house, that he had mixed with the mighty of heaven and earth and had the very noblest for his companions. It was the memory of race which rose up within me as I read, and I felt exalted as one who learns he is among the children of kings. That is what O'Grady did for me and for others who were my contemporaries, and I welcome the reprints, of his tales in the hope that he will go on magically recreating for generations yet unborn the ancestral life of their race in Ireland. For many centuries the youth of Ireland as it grew up was made aware of the life of bygone ages, and there were always some who remade themselves in the heroic mould before they passed on. The sentiment engendered by the Gaelic literature was an arcane presence, though unconscious of itself, in those who for the past hundred years had learned another speech. In O'Grady's writings the submerged river of national culture rose up again, a shining torrent, and I realized as I bathed in that stream, that the greatest spiritual evil one nation could inflict on another was to cut off from it the story of the national soul. For not all music can be played upon any instrument, and human nature for most of us is like a harp on which can be rendered the music written for the harp but not that written for the violin. The harp strings quiver for the harp-player alone, and he who can utter his passion through the violin is silent before an unfamiliar

instrument. That is why the Irish have rarely been deeply stirred by English literature, though it is one of the great literatures of the world. Our history was different and the evolutionary product was a peculiarity of character, and the strings of our being vibrate most in ecstasy when the music evokes ancestral moods or embodies emotions akin to these. I am not going to argue the comparative worth of the Gaelic and English tradition. All that I can say is that the traditions of our own country move us more than the traditions of any other. Even if there was not essential greatness in them we would love them for the same reasons which bring back so many exiles to revisit the haunts of childhood. But there was essential greatness in that neglected bardic literature which O'Grady was the first to reveal in a noble manner. He had the spirit of an ancient epic poet. He is a comrade of Homer, his birth delayed in time perhaps that he might renew for a sophisticated people the elemental simplicity and hardihood men had when the world was young and manhood was prized more than any of its parts, more than thought or beauty or feeling. He has created for us, or rediscovered, one figure which looms in the imagination as a high comrade of Hector, Achilles, Ulysses, Rama or Yudisthira, as great in spirit as any. Who could extol enough his Cuculain, that incarnation of Gaelic chivalry, the fire and gentleness, the beauty and heroic ardour or the imaginative splendor of the episodes in his retelling of the ancient story. There are writers who bewitch you by a magical use of words whose lines glitter like jewels, whose effects are gained by an elaborate art and who deal with the subtlest emotions. Others again are simple as an Egyptian image, and yet are more impressive, and you remember them less for the sentence than for a grandiose effect. They are not so much concerned with the art of words as with the creation of great images informed with magnificence of spirit. They are not lesser artists but greater, for there is a greater art in the simplification of form in the statue of Memnon than there is in the intricate detail of a bronze by Benvenuto Cellini. Standish O'Grady had in his best moments that epic wholeness and simplicity, and the figure of Cuculain amid his companions of the Red Branch which he discovered and refashioned for us is, I think, the greatest spiritual gift any Irishman for centuries has given to Ireland.

I know it will be said that this is a scientific age, the world is so full of necessitous life that it is waste of time for young Ireland to brood upon tales of legendary heroes, who fought with enchanters, who harnessed wild fairy horses to magic chariots and who talked with the ancient gods, and that it would be much better for youth to be scientific and practical. Do not believe it, dear Irish boy, dear Irish girl, I know as well as any the economic needs of our people. They must not be overlooked, but keep still in your hearts some desires which might enter Paradise. Keep in your souls some images of magnificence so that hereafter the halls of heaven and the divine folk may not seem altogether alien to the spirit. These legends have passed the test of generations for century after century, and they were treasured and passed on to those who followed, and that was because there was something in them akin to the immortal spirit. Humanity cannot carry with it through time the memory of all its deeds and imaginations, and it burdens itself only in a new era with what was highest among the imaginations of the ancestors. What is essentially noble is never out of date. The figures carved by Pheidias for the Parthenon still shine by the side of the greatest modern sculpture. There has been no evolution of the human form to a greater beauty than the ancient Greek saw, and the forms they carved are not strange to us, and if this is true of the outward form it is true of the indwelling spirit. What is essentially

noble is contemporary with all that is splendid today, and until the mass of men are equal in spirit the great figures of the past will affect us less as memories than as prophecies of the Golden Age to which youth is ever hurrying in its heart.

O'Grady in his stories of the Red Branch rescued from the past what was contemporary to the best in us today, and he was equal in his gifts as a writer to the greatest of his bardic predecessors in Ireland. His sentences are charged with a heroic energy, and, when he is telling a great tale, their rise and fall is like the flashing and falling of the bright sword of some great battle, or like the onset and withdrawal of Atlantic surges. He can at need be beautifully tender and quiet. Who that has read his tale of the young Finn and the Seven Ancients will forget the weeping of Finn over the kindness of the famine-stricken old men, and their wonder at his weeping, and the self-forgetful pathos of their meditation unconscious that it was their own sacrifice called forth the tears of Finn. "Youth," they said, "has many sorrows that cold age cannot comprehend."

There are critics repelled by the abounding energy in O'Grady's sentences. It is easy to point to faults due to excess and abundance, but how rare in literature is that heroic energy and power. There is something arcane and elemental in it, a quality that the most careful stylist cannot attain, however he uses the file, however subtle he is. O'Grady has noticed this power in the ancient bards and we find it in his own writing. It ran all through the Bardic History, the Critical and Philosophical History, and through the political books, The Tory Democracy and All Ireland. There is this imaginative energy in the tale of Cuculain, in all its episodes, the slaying of the hound, the capture of the Liath Macha, the hunting of the enchanted deer, the capture of the Wild swans, the fight at the ford, and the awakening of the Red Branch. In the later tale of Red Hugh which, he calls The Flight of the Eagle there is the same quality of power joined with a shining simplicity in the narrative which rises into a poetic ecstasy in that wonderful chapter where Red Hugh, escaping from the Pale, rides through the Mountain Gates of Ulster and sees high above him Sheve Gullion, a mountain of the Gods, the birth-place of legend "more mythic than Avernus"; and O'Grady evokes for us and his hero the legendary past and the great hill seems to be like Mount Sinai, thronged with immortals, and it lives and speaks to the fugitive boy, "the last great secular champion of the Gael," and inspires him for the fulfillment of his destiny. We might say of Red Hugh, and indeed of all O'Grady's heroes, that they are the spiritual progeny of Cuculain. From Red Hugh down to the boys who have such enchanting adventures in Lost on Du Corrig and The Chain of Gold they have all a natural and hardy purity of mind, a beautiful simplicity of character, and one can imagine them all in an hour of need, being faithful to any trust like the darling of the Red Branch. These shining lads never grew up amid books. They are as much children of nature as the Lucy of Wordsworth's poetry. It might be said of them as the poet of the Kalevala sang of himself: "Winds and waters my instructors."

These were O'Grady's own earliest companions, and no man can find better comrades than earth, water, air and sun. I imagine O'Grady's own youth was not so very different from the youth of Red Hugh before his captivity; that he lived on the wild and rocky western coast, that he rowed in coracles, explored the caves, spoke much with hardy natural people, fishermen and workers on the land, primitive folk, simple in speech but with that fundamental depth men have who are much in nature

in companionship with the elements, the elder brothers of humanity. It must have been out of such a boyhood and such intimacies with natural and unsophisticated people that there came to him the understanding of the heroes of the Red Branch. How pallid, beside the ruddy chivalry who pass, huge and fleet and bright, through O'Grady's pages, appear Tennyson's bloodless Knights of the Round Table, fabricated in the study to be read in the drawing room, as anemic as Burne Jones' lifeless men in armour. The heroes of ancient Irish legend reincarnated in the mind of a man who could breathe into them the fire of life, caught from sun and wind, their ancient deities, and send them forth to the world to do greater deeds, to act through many men and speak through many voices. What sorcery was in the Irish mind that it has taken so many years to win but a little recognition for this splendid spirit; and that others who came after him, who diluted the pure fiery wine of romance he gave us with literary water, should be as well known or more widely read. For my own, part I can only point back to him and say whatever is Irish in me he kindled to life, and I am humble when I read his epic tale, feeling how much greater a thing it is for the soul of a writer to have been the habitation of a demi-god than to have had the subtlest intellections.

We praise the man who rushes into a burning mansion and brings out its greatest treasure. So ought we to praise this man who rescued from the perishing Gaelic tradition its darling hero and restored him to us, and I think now that Cuculain will not perish, and he will be invisibly present at many a council of youth, and he will be the daring which lifts the will beyond itself and fires it for great causes, and he will be also the courtesy which shall overcome the enemy that nothing else may overcome.

I am sure that Standish O'Grady would rather I should speak of his work and its bearing on the spiritual life of Ireland, than about himself, and, because I think so, in this reverie I have followed no set plan but have let my thoughts run as they will. But I would not have any to think that this man was only a writer, or that he could have had the heroes of the past for spiritual companions, without himself being inspired to fight dragons and wizardry. I have sometimes regretted that contemporary politics drew O'Grady away from the work he began so greatly. I have said to myself he might have given us an Oscar, a Diarmuid or a Caolte, an equal comrade to Cuculain, but he could not, being lit up by the spirit of his hero, he merely the bard and not the fighter, and no man in Ireland intervened in the affairs of his country with a superior nobility of aim. He was the last champion of the Irish aristocracy, and still more the voice of conscience for them, and he spoke to them of their duty to the nation as one might imagine some fearless prophet speaking to a council of degenerate princes. When the aristocracy failed Ireland he bade them farewell, and wrote the epitaph of their class in words whose scorn we almost forget because of their sounding melody and beauty. He turned his mind to the problems of democracy and more especially of those workers who are trapped in the city, and he pointed out for them the way of escape and how they might renew life in the green fields close to Earth, their ancient mother and nurse. He used too exalted a language for those to whom he spoke to understand, and it might seem that all these vehement appeals had failed but that we know that what is fine never really fails. When a man is in advance of his age, a generation, unborn when he speaks, is born in due time and finds in him its inspiration. O'Grady may have failed in his appeal to the aristocracy of his own time but he may yet create an aristocracy of character and intellect in Ireland. The political and economic writings

will remain to uplift and inspire and to remind us that the man who wrote the stories of heroes had a bravery of his own and a wisdom of his own. I owe so much to Standish O'Grady that I would like to leave it on record that it was he made me conscious and proud of my country, and recalled to my mind, that might have wandered otherwise over too wide and vague a field of thought, to think of the earth under my feet and the children of our common mother. There hangs in the Municipal Gallery of Dublin the portrait of a man with melancholy eyes, and scrawled on the canvas is the subject of his bitter brooding: "'The Lost Land." I hope that O'Grady will find before he goes back to Tir na nOge that Ireland has found again through him what seemed lost for ever, the law of its own being, and its memories which go back to the beginning of the world.

THE OTTOMACS, OR DIRT-EATERS.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Odd People*, by Mayne Reid

On the banks of the Orinoco, a short distance above the point where that mighty river makes its second great sweep to the eastward, dwells a remarkable people,--a tribe of savages that, even among savages, are remarkable for many peculiar and singular customs. These are the _Ottomacs_.

They have been long known,--and by the narratives of the early Spanish missionaries, rendered notorious,--on account of some curious habits; but although the missionaries have resided among them, and endeavoured to bring them within "sound of the bell," their efforts have met with a very partial and temporary success; and at this present hour, the Ottomacs are as savage in their habits; and as singular in their customs, as they were in the days of Columbus.

The Ottomacs are neither a stunted nor yet a weak race of men. Their bodies are strong, and their arms and limbs stout and muscular; but they are remarkably ill-featured, with an expression of countenance habitually stern and vindictive.

Their costume is easily described, or rather cannot be _described_ at all, since they have none. Both, sexes go entirely naked,--if we except a little belt of three or four inches in width, made from cotton or the bark of trees, and called the _guayuco_, which they wear around the waist,--but even this is worn from no motives of modesty.

What they regard in the light of a costume is a coat of paint, and about this they are as nice and particular as a Parisian dandy. Talk about "blooming up" a faded _belle_ for the ballroom, or the time spent by an exquisite in adjusting the tie of his cravat! these are trifles when compared with the lengthy and elaborate toilette of an Ottomac lady or gentleman.

The greater part of a day is often spent by them in a single dressing, with one or two helpers to assist in the operation; and this is not a _tattooing_ process, intended to last for a lifetime, but a costume certain to be disfigured, or entirely washed off, at the first exposure to a heavy shower of rain. Add to this, that the pigments which are used for the purpose are by no means easily obtained: the vegetable substances which furnish them are scarce in the Ottomac country; and it

costs one of these Indians the produce of several days of his labour to purchase sufficient paint to give his whole skin a single "coat." For this reason the Ottomac paints his body only on grand occasions,--contenting himself at ordinary times with merely staining his face and hair.

When an Ottomac wishes to appear in "full dress" he first gives himself a "priming" of red. This consists of the dye called "annotto," which is obtained from the fruit pulp of the Bixa orellana, and which the Indians knew how to prepare previous to their intercourse with Europeans. Over this red ground is then formed a lattice-work of lines of black, with a dot in the centre of every little square or diamond. The black dye is the "caruto," also a vegetable pigment, obtained from the Genipa Americana. If the gentleman be rich enough to possess a little "chica" which is a beautiful lake-coloured red,--also the produce of a plant,--the Bignoni, chica, he will then feel all the ecstatic delight of a fashionable dandy who possesses a good wardrobe; and, with half a pound of turtle-oil rubbed into his long black tresses, he will regard himself as dressed "within an inch of his life." It is not always, however, that he can afford the chica,--for it is one of the costliest materials of which a South-American savage can manufacture his suit.

The Ottomac takes far less trouble in the building of his house. Very often he builds none; but when he wishes to guard his body from the rays of the sun, or the periodical rains, he constructs him a slight edifice--a mere hut--out of saplings or bamboos, with a thatch of palm-leaves.

His arms consist of the universal bow and arrows, which he manages with much dexterity; and he has also a harpoon which he employs in killing the manatee and the alligator. He has, besides, several other weapons, to aid him in the chase and fishing,--the latter of which forms his principal employment as well as his chief source of subsistence.

The Ottomac belongs to one of those tribes of Indians termed by the Spanish missionaries Indios andantes, that is "wandering," or "vagabond Indians," who instead of remaining in fixed and permanent villages, roam about from place to place, as necessity or inclination dictates. Perhaps this arises from the peculiarity of the country which they inhabit: for the Indios andantes do not live in the thick forests, but upon vast treeless savannas, which stretch along the Orinoco above its great bend. In these tracts the "juvia" trees (bertholletia and lecythys), which produce the delicious "Brazil-nuts"--and other plants that supply the savage spontaneously with food, are sparsely found; and as the savannas are annually inundated for several months, the Ottomac is forced, whether he will or no, to shift his quarters and try for subsistence elsewhere. When the inundations have subsided and the waters become settled enough to permit of fishing, the Ottomac "winter" is over, and he can obtain food in plenty from the alligators, the manatees, the turtles, the toninas or dolphins, and other large fish that frequent the great stream upon which he dwells. Of these the manatee is the most important in the eyes of the Ottomac--as it is the largest in size, and consequently furnishes him with the greatest amount of meat.

This singular semi-cetaceous creature is almost too well-known to require description. It is found in nearly all the large rivers of tropical America, where it feeds upon the grass and aquatic plants

growing along their banks. It is known by various names, according to the place and people. The Spaniards call it vaca marina, or "sea-cow," and the Portuguese peixe hoi, or "fish-ox,"--both being appellations equally inappropriate, and having their origin in a slight resemblance which there exists between the animal's "countenance" and that of an ox.

The West Indian name is the one we thought the true orthography is manati, not manatee, since the word is of Indian origin. Some writers deny this, alleging that it is a derivative from the Spanish word "mano," a hand, signifying, therefore, the fish with hands,--in allusion to the rudimentary hands which form one of its distinguishing characteristics. This is the account of the historian Oviedo, but another Spanish missionary, Father Gili, offers a more correct explanation of the name,--in fact, he proves, what is neither more nor less than the simple truth, that "manati" was the name given to this animal by the natives of Hayti and Cuba,--where a species is also found,--and the word has no reference whatever to the "hands" of the creature. The resemblance to the Spanish word which should signify "handed," is merely an accidental circumstance; and, as the acute Humboldt very justly remarks, according to the genius of the Spanish language, the word thus applied would have been written manudo, or manon, and not manati.

The Indians have almost as many different names for this creature as there are rivers in which it is found; but its appellation in the "lingo ageral" of the great Amazon valley, is "juarua." Among the Ottomacs it is called the "apoia." It may be safely affirmed that there are several species of this amphibious animal in the rivers of tropical America; and possibly no one of them is identical with that of the West Indies. All have hitherto been regarded as belonging to the same species, and described under the scientific title of Manatus Americanus--a name given to the American manati, to distinguish it from the "lamantin" of Africa, and the "dugong" of the East-Indian seas. But the West-Indian species appears to have certain characteristic differences, which shows that it is a separate one, or, at all events, a variety. It is of much larger size than those of the South-American rivers generally are--though there also a large variety is found, but much rarer than those commonly captured by the fishermen. The West-Indian manati has nails well developed upon the outer edge of its fins, or forearms; while those on the other kinds are either not seen at all, or only in a very rudimentary state. That there are different species, may be deduced from the accounts of the natives, who employ themselves in its capture: and the observations of such people are usually more trustworthy than the speculations of learned anatomists. The Amazon fishermen all agree in the belief that there are three kinds of manati in the Amazon and its numerous tributaries, that not only differ greatly in size--from seven to twenty feet long--and in weight, from four hundred to two thousand pounds,--but also in the colour of their skin, and the shape of their tails and fins. The species found in the Orinoco, and called "apoia" by the Ottomacs, is usually about twelve feet in length, and weighs from five hundred to eight hundred pounds; but now and then a much larger individual is captured, perhaps owing to greater age, or other accidental circumstance. Humboldt heard of one that weighed eight thousand pounds; and the French naturalist D'Orbigny speaks of one killed in the Bolivian waters of the Amazon that was twenty feet in length. This size is often attained by the Manatus Americanus of Cuba and Hayti.

The manati is shaped somewhat like a large seal, and has certain resemblances to a fish. Its body is of an oval oblong, with a large, flat, rounded tail, set horizontally, and which serves as a rudder to direct its course in the water. Just behind its shoulders appear, instead of fins, a pair of flippers, which have a certain resemblance to hands set on to the body without arms. Of these it avails itself, when creeping out against the bank, and the female also uses them in carrying her young. The mammae (for it must be remembered that this creature is a mammiferous animal) are placed just below and behind the flippers. The muzzle is blunt, with thick lips,--the upper projecting several inches beyond the lower, and covered with a delicate epidermis: showing evidently that it avails itself of this prominence--which possesses a keen sense of touch--just as the elephant of his proboscis. The lips are covered with bristles, or beard, which impart a kind of human-like expression to the animal's countenance,--a circumstance more observable in the "dugongs" of the Oriental waters. "Woman fish," too, these have been called, and no doubt such creatures, along with the seals and walruses, have given rise to many a story of sirens and mermaids. The "cow-face," however, from which the manati obtains its Spanish and Portuguese epithets, is the most characteristic; and in its food we find a still greater analogy to the bovine quadruped with which it is brought in comparison. Beyond this the resemblance ceases. The body is that of a seal; but instead of being covered with hair, as the cetaceous animal, the manati has a smooth skin that resembles india-rubber more than anything else. A few short hairs are set here and there, but they are scarce observable. The colour of the manati is that of lead, with a few mottlings of a pinkish-white hue upon the belly; but in this respect there is no uniformity. Some are seen with the whole under-parts of a uniform cream colour.

The lungs of this animal present a peculiarity worthy of being noted. They are very voluminous,--being sometimes three feet in length, and of such a porous and elastic nature as to be capable of immense extension. When blown out, they present the appearance of great swimming bladders; and it is by means of this capacity for containing air that the manati is enabled to remain so long under water,--though, like the true cetaceae, it requires to come at intervals to the surface to obtain breath.

The flesh of the manati is eaten by all the tribes of Indians who can procure it,--though by some it is more highly esteemed than by others. It was once much relished in the colonial settlements of Guiana and the West Indies, and formed a considerable article of commerce; but in these quarters manatis have grown scarce,--from the incessant persecution of the fishermen. The flesh has been deemed unwholesome by some, and apt to produce fevers; but this is not the general opinion. It has a greater resemblance to pork than beef,--though it be the flesh of a cow,--and is very savoury when fresh, though neither is it bad eating when salted or dried in the sun. In this way it will keep for several months; and it has always been a stock article with the monks of the South-American missions,--who, in spite of its mammiferous character, find it convenient, during the days of Lent, to regard it as a fish! The skin of the manati is of exceeding thickness,--on the back an inch and a half at least, though it becomes thinner as it approaches the under-parts of the body. It is cut into slips which serve various purposes, as for shields, cordage, and whips. "These whips of manati leather," Bays Humboldt, "are a cruel instrument of punishment for the unhappy slaves, and even for the Indians of the missions, though, according to the laws, the latter ought to be treated as freemen."

Another valuable commodity obtained from this animal is oil, known in the missions as manati-butter (manteca de manati). This is produced by the layer of pure fat, of an inch and a half in thickness, which, lying immediately under the skin, envelops the whole body of the animal. The oil is used for lamps in the mission churches; but among the Indians themselves it is also employed in the cuisine,--as it has not that fetid smell peculiar to the oil of whales and salt-water cetaceae.

The food of the manati is grass exclusively, which it finds on the banks of the lakes and rivers it frequents. Of this it will eat an enormous quantity; and its usual time of browsing is at night,--though this habit may have arisen from its observance of the fact, that night is the safest time to approach the shore. In those places, where it has been left undisturbed, it may be often seen browsing by day.

I have been thus particular in my account of this animal, because it is more nearly connected with the history of Ottomac habits than perhaps that of any other tribe of South-American Indians,--the Guamos alone excepted, who may themselves be regarded as merely a branch of the Ottomac family. Though, as already remarked, all the tribes who dwell upon manati rivers pursue this creature and feed upon its flesh, yet in no other part of South America is this species of fishery so extensively or so dexterously carried on as among the Ottomacs and Guamos,--the reason being, that, amidst the great grassy savannas which characterise the Ottomac country, there are numerous streams and lagoons that are the favourite haunts of this herbivorous animal. In one river in particular, so great a number are found that it has been distinguished by the appellation of the Rio de Manatis (river of manatis). The manati, when undisturbed, is gregarious in its habits, going in troops (or "herds," if we preserve the analogy) of greater or less numbers, and keeping the young "calves" in the centre, which the mothers guard with the tenderest affection. So attached are the parents to their young, that if the calf be taken, the mother can be easily approached; and the devotion is reciprocated on the filial side; since in cases where the mother has been captured and dragged ashore, the young one has often been known to follow the lifeless body up to the very bank!

As the manati plays such an important part in the domestic economy of the Ottomacs, of course the capturing of this animal is carried on upon the grandest scale among these people, and, like the "harvest of turtle-eggs," hereafter to be described, the manati fishery has its particular season. Some writers have erroneously stated this season as being the period of inundation, and when the water is at its maximum height. This is quite contrary to the truth; since that period, both on the Amazon and Orinoco rivers, is just the time when all kinds of fishing is difficult and precarious. Then is the true winter,--the "blue months" of the South-American river Indians; and it is then, as will presently be seen, that the Ottomac comes nearest the point of starvation,--which he approaches every year of his life.

There are manati and other kinds of fish taken at all times of the year; but the true season of the manati-fishing is when the waters of the great flood have considerably subsided, and are still continuing to diminish rapidly. When the inundation is at its height, the manati passes out of the channel current of the great river, and in search of grass it finds its way into the lakes and surrounding marshes, remaining there to browse along their banks. When the flood is rapidly passing away from it, it begins to find itself a "little out of its element,"

and just then is the time when it is most easily captured.

Sometimes the Indians assemble in a body with their canoes, forming a large fleet; and, proceeding to the best haunts of the "cow-fish," carry on the fishery in a wholesale manner. The monks of the missions also head the tame tribes on these expeditions,--as they do when collecting the eggs of the turtle,--and a regular systematic course is carried on under the eye of discipline and authority. A camp is formed at some convenient place on the shore. Scaffolds are erected for sun-drying the flesh and skins; and vessels and other utensils brought upon the ground to render the fat into oil. The manatis that have been captured are all brought in the canoes to this central point, and delivered up to be "flensed," cured, and cooked. There is the usual assemblage of small traders from Angostura and other ports on the lower Orinoco, who come to barter their Indian trinkets for the manteca de manati in the same manner as it will presently be seen they trade for the manteca de tortugas. I need not add that this is a season of joy and festivity, like the wine-gatherings and harvest-homes of the European peasantry.

The mode of capturing the manati is very similar to that employed by the Esquimaux in taking the seal, and which has been elsewhere described. There is not much danger in the fishery, for no creature could be more harmless and inoffensive than this. It makes not the slightest attempt either at defence or retaliation,--though the accident sometimes occurs of a canoe being swamped or drawn under water,--but this is nothing to the Ottomac Indian, who is almost as amphibious as the manati itself.

At the proper hour the fisherman starts off in search of the manati. His fishing-boat is a canoe hollowed from a single trunk, of that kind usually styled a "dugout." On perceiving the cow-fish resting upon the surface of the water, the Ottomac paddles towards it, observing the greatest caution; for although the organs of sight and hearing in this animal are, externally, but very little developed, it both hears and sees well; and the slightest suspicious noise would be a signal for it to dive under, and of course escape.

When near enough to insure a good aim, the Ottomac hurls his harpoon into the animal's body; which, after piercing the thick hide, sticks fast. To this harpoon a cord is attached, with a float, and the float remaining above water indicates the direction in which the wounded animal now endeavours to get off. When it is tired of struggling, the Indian regains the cord; and taking it in, hand over hand, draws up his canoe to the side of the fish. If it be still too lively, he repeatedly strikes it with a spear; but he does not aim to kill it outright until he has got it "aboard." Once there, he ends the creature's existence by driving a wooden plug into its nostrils, which in a moment deprives it of life.

The Ottomac now prepares himself to transport the carcass to his home; or, if fishing in company, to the common rendezvous. Perhaps he has some distance to take it, and against a current; and he finds it inconvenient to tow such a heavy and cumbrous article. To remedy this inconvenience, he adopts the expedient already mentioned, of placing the carcass in his canoe. But how does he get it there? How can a single Indian of ordinary strength raise a weight of a thousand pounds out of the water, and lift it over the gunwale of his unsteady craft? It is in this that he exhibits great cunning and address: for instead of raising the carcass above the canoe, he sinks the canoe below the carcass, by first filling the vessel nearly full of water; and then, after he has

got his freight aboard, he bales out the water with his gourd-shell. He at length succeeds in adjusting his load, and then paddles homeward with his prize.

On arriving at his village,--if it be to the village he takes it,--he is assisted in transporting the load by others of his tribe; but he does not carry it to his own house,--for the Ottomacs are true socialists, and the produce both of the chase and the fishery is the common property of all. The chief of the village, seated in front of his hut, receives all that is brought home, and distributes it out to the various heads of families,--giving to each in proportion to the number of mouths that are to be fed.

The manati is flayed,--its thick hide, as already observed, serving for many useful purposes; the strata of fat, or "blubber," which lies beneath is removed, to be converted into oil; and finally, the flesh, which is esteemed equal to pork, both in delicacy and flavour, is cut into thin slices, either to be broiled and eaten at the time, or to be preserved for a future occasion, not by salt, of which the Ottomac is entirely ignorant, but by drying in the sun and smoking over a slow fire. Fish and the flesh of the alligator are similarly "cured;" and when the process is carefully done, both will keep for months.

The alligator is captured in various ways: sometimes by a baited hook with a strong cord attached,--sometimes he is killed by a stab of the harpoon spear, and not unfrequently is he taken by a noose slipped over his paw, the Ottomac diving fearlessly under him and adjusting the snare.

Some of the Indian tribes will not eat the musky flesh of the alligator; but the Ottomacs are not thus particular. Indeed, these people refuse scarce any article of food, however nasty or disagreeable; and it is a saying among their neighbours--the Indians of other tribes--that "nothing is too loathsome for the stomach of an Ottomac."

Perhaps the saying will be considered as perfectly true when we come to describe a species of food which these people eat, and which, for a long time, has rendered them famous--or rather infamous--under the appellation of "dirt-eaters." Of them it may literally be said that they "eat dirt," for such, in reality, is one of their customs.

This singular practice is chiefly resorted to during those months in the year when the rivers swell to their greatest height, and continue full. At this time all fishing ceases, and the Ottomac finds it difficult to obtain a sufficiency of food. To make up for the deficiency, he fills his stomach with a kind of unctuous clay, which he has already stored up for the emergency, and of which he eats about a pound per diem! It does not constitute his sole diet, but often for several days together it is the only food which passes his lips! There is nothing nourishing in it,--that has been proved by analysis. It merely fills the belly,--producing a satiety, or, at least, giving some sort of relief from the pangs of hunger. Nor has it been observed that the Ottomac grows thin or unhealthy on this unnatural viand: on the contrary, he is one of the most robust and healthy of American Indians.

The earth which the Ottomac eats goes by the name of poya. He does not eat clay of every kind: only a peculiar sort which he finds upon the banks of streams. It is soft and smooth to the touch, and unctuous, like putty. In its natural state it is of a yellowish-grey colour; but,

when hardened before the fire, it assumes a tinge of red, owing to the oxide of iron which is in it.

It was for a long time believed that the Ottomac mixed this clay with cassava and turtle-oil, or some other sort of nutritive substance. Even Father Gumilla--who was credulous enough to believe almost anything--could not "swallow" the story of the clay in its natural state, but believed that it was prepared with some combination of farinha or fat. This, however, is not the case. It is a pure earth, containing (according to the analysis of Vauquelin) silex and alumina, with three or four per cent of lime!

This clay the Ottomac stores up, forming it into balls of several inches in diameter; which, being slightly hardened before the fire, he builds into little pyramids, just as cannon-balls are piled in an arsenal or fortress. When the Ottomac wishes to eat of the poya, he softens one of the balls by wetting it; and then, scraping off as much as he may require for his meal, returns the poya to its place on the pyramid.

The dirt-eating does not entirely end with the falling of the waters. The practice has begot a craving for it; and the Ottomac is not contented without a little poya, even when more nutritious food may be obtained in abundance.

This habit of eating earth is not exclusively Ottomac. Other kindred tribes indulge in it, though not to so great an extent; and we find the same unnatural practice among the savages of New Caledonia and the Indian archipelago. It is also common on the west coast of Africa. Humboldt believed it to be exclusively a tropical habit. In this the great philosopher was in error, since it is known to be practised by some tribes of northern Indians on the frigid banks of the Mackenzie River.

When the floods subside, as already stated, the Ottomac lives better. Then he can obtain both fish and turtles in abundance. The former he captures, both with hooks and nets, or shoots with his arrows, when they rise near the surface.

The turtles of the Ottomac rivers are of two kinds the arau and terecay. The former is the one most sought after, as being by far the largest. It is nearly a yard across the back, and weighs from fifty to a hundred pounds. It is a shy creature, and would be difficult to capture, were it not for a habit it has of raising its head above the surface of the water, and thus exposing the soft part of its throat to the Indian's arrow. Even then an arrow might fail to kill it; but the Ottomac takes care to have the point well coated with curare poison, which in a few seconds does its work, and secures the death of the victim.

The terecay is taken in a different and still more ingenious manner. This species, floating along the surface, or even when lying still, presents no mark at which a shaft can be aimed with the slightest chance of success. The sharpest arrow would glance off its flat shelly back as from a surface of steel. In order, therefore, to reach the vitals of his victim, the Indian adopts an expedient, in which he exhibits a dexterity and skill that are truly remarkable.

He aims his shaft, not at the turtle, but up into the air, describing by its course a parabolic curve, and so calculating its velocity and

direction that it will drop perpendicularly, point foremost, upon the back of the unsuspecting swimmer, and pierce through the shell right into the vital veins of its body!

It is rare that an Indian will fail in hitting such a mark; and, both on the Orinoco and Amazon, thousands of turtles are obtained in this manner.

The great season of Ottomac festivity and rejoicing, however, is that of the cosecha de tortugas, or "turtle-crop." As has been already observed, in relation to the manati fishery, it is to him what the harvest-home is to the nations of northern Europe, or the wine-gathering to those of the south; for this is more truly the character of the cosecha. It is then that he is enabled, not only to procure a supply of turtle-oil with which to lubricate his hair and skin, but he obtains enough of this delicious grease wherewith to fry his dried slices of manati and a surplus for sale to the turtle-traders from the Lower Orinoco. In this petty commerce no coin is required; harpoon spears, and arrow-heads of iron, rude knives, and hatchets; but, above all, a few cakes of annotto, chica, and caruto, are bartered in exchange for the turtle-oil. The thick hide of the manati,--for making slave-whips,--the spotted skin of the jaguar, and some other pelts which the chase produces, are also items of his export trade.

The pigments above mentioned have already been procured by the trader, as the export articles of commerce of some other tribe.

The turtle-oil is the product of the eggs of the larger species,--the arau,--known simply by the name tortuga, or turtle. The eggs of the terecay would serve equally as well; but, from a difference in the habit of this animal, its eggs cannot be obtained in sufficient quantity for oil-making. There is no such thing as a grand "cosecha," or crop of them--for the creature is not gregarious, like its congener, but each female makes her nest apart from the others, in some solitary place, and there brings forth her young brood. Not but that the nests of the terecay are also found and despoiled of their eggs,--but this only occurs at intervals; and as the contents of a single nest would not be sufficient for a "churning," no "butter" can be made of them. They are, therefore, gathered to be used only as eggs, and not as butter.

The arau, on the other hand, although not gregarious under ordinary circumstances, becomes pre-eminently so during the "laying season." Then all the turtles in the Orinoco and its tributaries collect into three or four vast gangs--numbering in all over a million of individuals--and proceed to certain points of rendezvous which they have been in the habit of visiting from time immemorial. These common breeding-places are situated between the cataracts of the river and the great bend, where it meets the Apure; and are simply broad beaches of sand, rising with a gentle slope from the edge of the water, and extending for miles along the bank. There are some small rookeries on tributary streams, but the three most noted are upon the shores of the main river, between the points already indicated. That frequented by the Ottomacs is upon an island, at the mouth of the Uruana River, upon which these people principally dwell.

The laying season of the arau turtle varies in the different rivers of tropical America,--occurring in the Amazon and its tributaries at a different period from that of the Orinoco. It is regulated by the rise, or rather the fall of the inundations; and takes place when the waters,

at their lowest stage, have laid bare the low sand-banks upon the shores. This occurs (in the Orinoco) in March, and early in this month the great assemblages are complete. For weeks before, the turtles are seen, in all parts of the river near the intended breeding-places, swimming about on the surface, or basking along the banks. As the sun grows stronger, the desire of depositing their eggs increases,--as though the heat had something to do with their fecundation. For some time before the final action, the creatures may be seen ranged in a long line in front of the breeding-place, with their heads and necks held high above the water; as if contemplating their intended nursery, and calculating the dangers to which they may be exposed. It is not without reason that they may dwell upon these. Along the beach stalks the lordly jaguar, waiting to make a meal of the first that may set his foot on terra firma, or to fill his stomach with the delicious "new-laid" eggs. The ugly alligator, too, is equally friend of a gigantic omelette; and not less so the "garzas" (white cranes), and the "zamuros" (black vultures), who hover in hundreds in the air. Here and there, too, may be observed an Indian sentinel, keeping as much as possible out of sight of the turtles themselves, but endeavouring to drive off all other enemies whose presence may give them fear. Should a canoe or boat appear upon the river, it is warned by these sentinels to keep well off from the phalanx of the turtles,--lest these should be disturbed or alarmed,--for the Indian well knows that if anything should occur to produce a panic among the araus, his cosecha would be very much shortened thereby.

When at length the turtles have had sun enough to warm them to the work, they crawl out upon the dry sand-beach, and the laying commences. It is at night that the operation is carried on: for then their numerous enemies--especially the vultures--are less active. Each turtle scoops out a hole, of nearly a yard in diameter and depth; and having therein deposited from fifty to one hundred eggs, it covers them up with the sand, smoothing the surface, and treading it firmly down. Sometimes the individuals are so crowded as to lay in one another's nests, breaking many of the eggs, and causing an inextricable confusion; while the creaking noise of their shells rubbing against each other may be heard afar off, like the rushing of a cataract. Sometimes a number that have arrived late, or have been slow at their work, continue engaged in it till after daybreak, and even after the Indians have come upon the ground--whose presence they no longer regard. Impelled by the instinct of philo-progenitiveness, these "mad turtles," as the Indians call them, appear utterly regardless of danger, and make no effort to escape from it; but are turned over on their backs, or killed upon the spot without difficulty.

The beach being now deserted by the turtles, the egg-gatherers proceed to their work. As there are usually several tribes, who claim a share in the cosecha, the ground is measured out, and partitioned among them. The regularity with which the nests are placed, and the number of eggs in each being pretty nearly the same, an average estimate of the quantity under a given surface is easily made. By means of a pointed stick thrust into the sand, the outline of the deposit is ascertained--usually running along the beach in a strip of about thirty yards in breadth.

When the allotments are determined, the work of oil-making begins,--each tribe working by itself, and upon the social system. The covering of sand is removed, and the eggs placed in baskets, which are then emptied into large wooden troughs, as a common receptacle. The canoes, drawn up

on the sand, are frequently made to do duty as troughs. When a sufficient number of eggs have been thrown in, they are broken and pounded together, and whipped about, as if intended for a gigantic omelette. Water is added; and then the mixture is put into large caldrons, and boiled until the oil comes to the top; after which it is carefully skimmed off and poured into earthen jars ("botigas,") provided by the traders.

It takes about two weeks to complete the operations, during which time many curious scenes occur. The sand swarms with young turtles about as big as a dollar, which have been prematurely hatched; and have contrived to crawl out of the shell. These are chased in all directions, and captured by the little naked Ottomacs, who devour them "body, bones, and all," with as much gusto as if they were gooseberries. The cranes and vultures, and young alligators too, take a part in this by-play--for the offspring of the poor arau has no end of enemies.

When the oil is all boiled and bottled, the trader displays his tempting wares, and makes the best market he can; and the savage returns to his palm-hut village,--taking with him the articles of exchange and a few baskets of eggs, which he has reserved for his own eating; and so ends the _cosecha de tortugas_.

It is in this season that the Ottomac indulges most in good living, and eats the smallest quantity of dirt. The waters afford him abundance of fish and turtle-flesh, beef from the sea-cow, and steaks from the tail of the alligator. He has his turtle and manati-butter, in which to fry all these dainties, and also to lubricate his hair and skin.

He can dress, too, "within an inch of his life," having obtained for his oil a fresh supply of the precious pigments. He indulges, moreover, in fits of intoxication, caused by a beverage made from maize or manioc root; but oftener produced by a species of snuff which he inhales into his nostrils. This is the _niopo_, manufactured from the leaves of a _mimosa_, and mixed with a kind of lime, which last is obtained by burning a shell of the genus _helix_, that is found in the waters of the Orinoco. The effect of the _niopo_ resembles that produced by chewing _betel_, tobacco, opium, or the narcotic _coca_ of Peru. When freely taken, a species of intoxication or rather mania is produced; but this snuff and its effects are more minutely described elsewhere. It is here introduced because, in the case of the Ottomac, the drug often produces most baneful consequences. During the continuance of his intoxication the Ottomac is quarrelsome and disorderly. He picks a hole in the coat of his neighbour; but if there chance to be any "old sore" between him and a rival, the vindictive feeling is sure to exhibit itself on these occasions; and not unfrequently ends in an encounter, causing the death of one or both of the combatants. These duels are not fought either with swords or pistols, knives, clubs, nor any similar weapons. The destruction of the victim is brought about in a very different manner; and is the result of a very slight scratch which he has received during the fight from the _nail_ of his antagonist. That a wound of so trifling a nature should prove mortal would be something _very_ mysterious, did we not know that the nail which inflicted that scratch has been already infiltrated with _curare_,--one of the deadliest of vegetable poisons, which the Ottomac understands how to prepare in its most potent and virulent form.

Should it ever be your unfortunate fate therefore, to get into a "scrimmage" with an Ottomac Indian, you must remember to keep clear of

his "claws!"

OFFICE AT THE SECLUSION OF A LEPER

Project Gutenberg's *The Mediæval Hospitals of England*, by Rotha Mary Clay

[Translated from the *Manuale ad Usus Insignis Ecclesiæ Sarum*,
printed in *York Manual*, &c., *Appendix*, Surtees Society, Vol. 63,
p. 105[^].]

*The Manner of casting out or separating those who are sick with
leprosy from the whole.* [165]

First of all the sick man or the leper clad in a cloak and in his usual dress, being in his house, ought to have notice of the coming of the priest who is on his way to the house to lead him to the Church, and must in that guise wait for him. For the priest vested in surplice and stole, with the Cross going before, makes his way to the sick man's house and addresses him with comforting words, pointing out and proving that if he blesses and praises God, and bears his sickness patiently, he may have a sure and certain hope that though he be sick in body he may be whole in soul, and may reach the home [166] of everlasting welfare. And then with other words suitable to the occasion let the priest lead the leper to the Church, when he has sprinkled him with holy water, the Cross going before, the priest following, and last of all the sick man. Within the Church let a black cloth, if it can be had, be set upon two trestles at some distance apart before the altar, and let the sick man take his place on bended knees beneath it between the trestles, after the manner of a dead man, although [p274] by the grace of God he yet lives in body and spirit, and in this posture let him devoutly hear Mass. When this is finished, and he has been sprinkled with holy water, he must be led with the Cross through the presbytery to a place where a pause must be made. When the spot is reached the priest shall counsel him out of Holy Scripture, saying: "Remember thine end and thou shalt never do amiss." [Ecclus. vii. 36.] Whence Augustine says: "He readily esteems all things lightly, who ever bears in mind that he will die." The priest then with the spade (*palla*) casts earth on each of his feet, saying: "Be thou dead to the world, but alive again unto God."

And he comforts him and strengthens him to endure with the words of Isaiah spoken concerning our Lord Jesus Christ:—"Truly He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, yet did we esteem Him as a leper smitten of God and afflicted" [Isa. liii. 4, Vulgate]; let him say also: "If in weakness of body by means of suffering thou art made like unto Christ, thou mayest surely hope that thou wilt rejoice in spirit with God. May the Most High grant this to thee, numbering thee among His faithful ones in the book of life. Amen."

It is to be noted that the priest must lead him to the Church, from the Church to his house as a dead man, chanting the *Responsorium* *Libera me, Domine*, in such wise that the sick man is covered with a black cloth. And the Mass celebrated at his seclusion may be chosen either by the priest or by the sick man, but it is customary to say the following:—

Introitus. Circumdederunt me. _Quære in Septuagesima._
Collecta. Omnipotens sempiterne Deus, salus æterna credentium.
Epistola. Carissimi, Tristatur quis vestrum.
Resp. Miserere mei.
Vers. Conturbata sunt. Alleluya. _V._ Qui sanat.
Si in Quadragesima, Tractus. Commovisti.
Evangelium. Intravit Jesus in Capharnaum.
Offertorium. Domine, exaudi.
Secreta et Postcommunio in communibus orationibus.
Communio. Redime, Deus, Israel ex omnibus angustiis nostris. [p275]

When leaving the Church after Mass the priest ought to stand at the door to sprinkle him with holy water. And he ought to commend him to the care of the people. Before Mass the sick man ought to make his confession in the Church, and never again; and in leading him forth the priest again begins the _Responsorium_ Libera me, Domine, with the other versicles. Then when he has come into the open fields he does as is aforesaid; and he ends by imposing prohibitions upon him in the following manner:—

"I forbid you ever to enter Churches, or to go into a market, or a mill, or a bakehouse, or into any assemblies of people.

Also I forbid you ever to wash your hands or even any of your belongings in spring or stream of water of any kind; and if you are thirsty you must drink water from your cup or some other vessel.

Also I forbid you ever henceforth to go out without your leper's dress, that you may be recognized by others; and you must not go outside your house unshod.

Also I forbid you, wherever you may be, to touch anything which you wish to buy, otherwise than with a rod or staff to show what you want.

Also I forbid you ever henceforth to enter taverns or other houses if you wish to buy wine; and take care even that what they give you they put into your cup.

Also I forbid you to have intercourse with any woman except your own wife.

Also I command you when you are on a journey not to return an answer to any one who questions you, till you have gone off the road to leeward, so that he may take no harm from you; and that you never go through a narrow lane lest you should meet some one.

Also I charge you if need require you to pass over some toll-way (_pedagium_) through (?) rough ground (_super apra_), or elsewhere, that you touch no posts or things (_instrumenta_) whereby you cross,

till you have first put on your gloves.

Also I forbid you to touch infants or young folk, whosoever they may be, or to give to them or to others any of your possessions. [p276]

Also I forbid you henceforth to eat or drink in any company except that of lepers. And know that when you die you will be buried in your own house, unless it be, by favour obtained beforehand, in the Church."

And note that before he enters his house, he ought to have a coat and shoes of fur, his own plain shoes, and his signal the clappers, a hood and a cloak, two pair of sheets, a cup, a funnel, a girdle, a small knife, and a plate. His house ought to be small, with a well, a couch furnished with coverlets, a pillow, a chest, a table, a seat, a candlestick, a shovel, a pot, and other needful articles.

When all is complete the priest must point out to him the ten rules which he has made for him; and let him live on earth in peace with his neighbour. Next must be pointed out to him the ten commandments of God, that he may live in heaven with the saints, and the priest repeats them to him in the presence of the people. And let the priest also point out to him that every day each faithful Christian is bound to say devoutly Pater noster, Ave Maria, Credo in Deum, and Credo in Spiritum, and to protect himself with the sign of the Cross, saying often Benedicite. When the priest leaves him he says:—"Worship God, and give thanks to God. Have patience, and the Lord will be with thee. Amen.

Recipes from The Project Gutenberg EBook of Book of American Baking, by Various

Orange Cake.

21 Eggs.
1½ lbs. powdered Sugar.
¾ lb. Flour.
¾ lb. Corn Starch.
¾ lb. Butter.

First beat the yolks and whites separately. Mix together the flour and corn starch. Add to the whites, beaten very stiff, the yolks and sugar, separately, gradually. Next add flour, and while stirring pour in butter hot. Make a smooth batter and bake in hot oven.

For the filling use 12 yolks of Eggs, 9 oz. Sugar, 3 oz. Corn Starch, 3 Oranges, 1 Lemon, pint of Water. Use both the juice and rind (grated) of the oranges and the juice only of the lemon. Make a smooth cream of the sugar and starch and then add the orange and lemon mixture. Boil and then spread between each layer, icing on top with soft orange icing.

Orange Squares.

These are made with ordinary Sponge Cake. Ice, and place slice of Orange on top. More yolks or coloring is put in this cake to give the deep orange color. These goods may be made up in the form of Diamonds, Crescents, etc., jellies or fruits of all kinds may be substituted for the orange. White squares are made with Lady Cake composed of two

layers, with Vanilla Cream between and icing on top.

Orange Pastry Tart.

Roll out a round bottom of good puff paste dough, not too thin. Wash the edge with egg and place a strip of the puff paste $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide around the edge of the bottom. Decorate this strip with small stars, hearts, crescents, or any small fancy cutter you may have, and from the puff paste wash all with egg and bake well, but take care not to brown the center too much. As soon as baked ice the edge with soft lemon-flavored icing or fondant, and when cold fill the tart with cream filling given below, and decorate the top with fruit jelly, candied orange slices and whipped cream.

Orange Cream for Filling.- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. white wine, 6 yolks, the rind and juice of $1\frac{1}{2}$ oranges, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. gelatine that has been softened in a little warm water, and if not tart enough add the juice of 1 lemon. Boil this, stirring constantly until slightly thick; remove from fire, and when cooled a little add the snow of 4 whites of egg carefully. In the egg white beat in a handful of sugar to prevent coagulation when mixing it into the warm cream filling. Finish as stated above.

Recipes from The Project Gutenberg EBook of The International Jewish Cook Book by Florence Kreisler Greenbaum

OKRA GUMBO SOUP (SOUTHERN)

Take one quart of ripe tomatoes, stew with one quart of okra, cut into small rings. Put this on to boil with about two quarts of water and a piece of soup meat (no bone), chop up an onion, a carrot and a sprig of parsley, add this to the soup. Fricassee one chicken with some rice, dish up with the soup, putting a piece of chicken and one tablespoon of rice into each soup plate before adding the soup. Let the soup simmer four or five hours; season with salt and pepper. A little corn and Lima beans may be added; they should be cooked with the soup for several hours. Cut the soup meat into small cubes and leave in the soup to serve.

BOILED ONIONS

Peel the onions and cut off the roots; drop each into cold water as soon as it is peeled. When all are ready, drain and put in a saucepan well covered with boiling water, adding a teaspoon of salt for every quart of water. Boil rapidly for ten minutes with the cover partly off; drain and return to the fire with fresh water. Simmer until tender; add pepper and butter and serve, or omit the butter and pepper and pour a cream sauce over the onions.

SPANISH ONION RAREBIT

Boil two large onions until very soft, drain, chop, and return to the saucepan with a small piece of butter. Add milk, salt, pepper, a dash of

tabasco sauce, one teaspoon of prepared mustard; one-half cup of grated cheese. Stir until of the consistency of custard.

SCALLOPED ONIONS

Cut boiled onions into quarters; put them in a baking dish and mix well with cream sauce; cover with bread crumbs and bits of butter and place in the oven until the crumbs are browned.

ORANGE FRITTERS

Yolks of two eggs beaten with two spoons of sugar, stir into this the juice of quarter of a lemon and just enough flour to thicken like a batter; add the beaten whites and dip in one slice of orange at a time, take up with a large kitchen spoon and lay in the hot oil or butter-substitute and fry a nice brown. Sprinkle pulverized sugar on top.

ORANGE CAKE

Beat light the yolks of five eggs with two cups of pulverized sugar, add juice of a large orange and part of the peel grated; one-half a cup of cold water and two cups of flour, sifted three times. Add two teaspoons of baking-powder in last sifting and add last the stiff-beaten whites of three eggs. Bake in layers, and spread the following icing between and on top. Icing: beat the whites of two eggs stiff, add the juice and peel of one orange and sugar enough to stiffen.

ORANGE ICING

Grate the peel of one-half orange, mix with two tablespoons of orange juice and one tablespoon of lemon juice and let stand fifteen minutes. Strain and add to the beaten yolk of one egg. Stir in enough powdered sugar to make it the right consistency to spread upon the cake.

Recipes from The Project Gutenberg EBook of Simple Italian Cookery, by Antonia Isola

VERMICELLI WITH OLIVE-OIL, OLIVES, CAPERS, AND ANCHOVIES

Take one-half pound of vermicelli and cover it well with salted water. Cook for about ten minutes. While it is boiling put into a saucepan four tablespoons of olive-oil, three anchovies cut up fine with six olives (ripe ones preferable) and one-half tablespoon of capers. When these are fried add the vermicelli (well drained), mix well, and put the saucepan at the back of the stove. Turn the vermicelli over with a fork every few minutes until it is thoroughly cooked.

ONIONS "ALLA PARMEGIANA"

Take six onions. Take out the centers with an apple-corer and fill them up with the following stuffing: One tablespoon of grated Parmesan cheese mixed with two hard-boiled eggs and chopped parsley. Boil them first, then roll them in flour and fry them in olive-oil or butter.

Then put them in a baking-dish with one-half tablespoon of grated Parmesan cheese and one tablespoon of melted butter. Put them in the oven and bake until golden.

ONIONS "ALLA VENEZIANA"

Take six small onions, remove the centers with an apple-corer. Boil them for a few moments, drain them, and stuff them with the following: Take a piece of bread, dip it in milk, squeeze out the milk, and mix the bread with one tablespoon of grated Parmesan cheese, the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs. Mix well together, then add some fine-chopped parsley, a pinch of sugar, salt and pepper, and the yolk of one raw egg; mix again well, and then stuff the onions with the mixture. Then dip them in flour and in egg, and fry them in lard. Put them on a platter and serve with a piquante sauce, made as follows: Chop up fine some pickles, capers, and pickled pepper, and add one-half cup of water. When these are cooked, add one tablespoon of butter and cook a little while longer, then pour over the onions and serve.

○ from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Who Was Who: 5000 B. C. to Date*, by Anonymous

O'CONNELL, Dan, said to have been an Irishman. Probably born in Dublin, raised in Dublin. Raised cain in Dublin. Repealed in Dublin. Dublined in Dublin. Died in Dublin. Tradition connects his name with the early stages of the home rule bill. Ambition: Ireland south of Ulster. Recreation: Oratory. Address: Dublin. Clubs: Dublin. Favorite Color: Green.

O'GRADY, Sweet Rosie, also of Ireland, long dead, but still bragged about.

ORANGE, William of, also of Ireland. He was the man who made it a crime to wear the color named after him on the seventeenth of March. (See St. Patrick.)

ORPHEUS, lutist. When a young man he was given a lute. Practised in obscurity, and later appeared before large audiences. Made several successful concert tours. Married Eurydice. Spent a happy honeymoon. The bride did not wear shoes. She was bitten by a serpent. She died. O. descended to the abode of Old Nic, and charmed him with some Grecian ragtime. Nic promised to return the lady if O. would promise to get out of the place without looking around to see what other respectable people were there. O. started for the door. He heard familiar voices and rubbered. That ended the contract, and for all the editor has been able to ascertain Eurydice is there to this day.

OSTLER, William, a doctor who was knighted for proposing that all fossils should be ostlerized. Ambition: To murder the men who got that story into print. Recreation: Medicine. Address: Oxford. Epitaph: He Practised, But Not What He Preached.

OTHELLO, of Venice. Born in Morocco. Went to Venice and fell in love

with one Desdemona, an Italian girl. They were married. Mrs. Othello lost one of her favorite handkerchiefs and was killed by her enraged husband. Shakespeare, of England, a writer, heard of the incident and made some money out of it.

O definitions from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Devil's Dictionary*, by Ambrose Bierce

OCEAN, n. A body of water occupying about two-thirds of a world made for man--who has no gills.

OFFENSIVE, adj. Generating disagreeable emotions or sensations, as the advance of an army against its enemy.

"Were the enemy's tactics offensive?" the king asked. "I should say so!" replied the unsuccessful general. "The blackguard wouldn't come out of his works!"

OLD, adj. In that stage of usefulness which is not inconsistent with general inefficiency, as an old man. Discredited by lapse of time and offensive to the popular taste, as an old book.

"Old books? The devil take them!" Goby said.
"Fresh every day must be my books and bread."
Nature herself approves the Goby rule
And gives us every moment a fresh fool.

Harley Shum

OLEAGINOUS, adj. Oily, smooth, sleek.

Disraeli once described the manner of Bishop Wilberforce as "unctuous, oleaginous, saponaceous." And the good prelate was ever afterward known as Soapy Sam. For every man there is something in the vocabulary that would stick to him like a second skin. His enemies have only to find it.

OLYMPIAN, adj. Relating to a mountain in Thessaly, once inhabited by gods, now a repository of yellowing newspapers, beer bottles and mutilated sardine cans, attesting the presence of the tourist and his appetite.

His name the smirking tourist scrawls
Upon Minerva's temple walls,
Where thundered once Olympian Zeus,
And marks his appetite's abuse.

Averil Joop

OMEN, n. A sign that something will happen if nothing happens.

ONCE, adv. Enough.

OPERA, n. A play representing life in another world, whose inhabitants have no speech but song, no motions but gestures and no postures but attitudes. All acting is simulation, and the word simulation is from simia, an ape; but in opera the actor takes for his model Simia audibilis (or Pithecantropos stentor)--the ape that howls.

The actor apes a man--at least in shape;
The opera performer apes and ape.

OPIATE, n. An unlocked door in the prison of Identity. It leads into the jail yard.

OPPORTUNITY, n. A favorable occasion for grasping a disappointment.

OPPOSE, v. To assist with obstructions and objections.

How lonely he who thinks to vex
With bandinage the Solemn Sex!
Of levity, Mere Man, beware;
None but the Grave deserve the Unfair.

Percy P. Orminder

OPPOSITION, n. In politics the party that prevents the Government from running amuck by hamstringing it.

The King of Ghargaroo, who had been abroad to study the science of government, appointed one hundred of his fattest subjects as members of a parliament to make laws for the collection of revenue. Forty of these he named the Party of Opposition and had his Prime Minister carefully instruct them in their duty of opposing every royal measure. Nevertheless, the first one that was submitted passed unanimously. Greatly displeased, the King vetoed it, informing the Opposition that if they did that again they would pay for their obstinacy with their heads. The entire forty promptly disemboweled themselves.

"What shall we do now?" the King asked. "Liberal institutions cannot be maintained without a party of Opposition."

"Splendor of the universe," replied the Prime Minister, "it is true these dogs of darkness have no longer their credentials, but all is not lost. Leave the matter to this worm of the dust."

So the Minister had the bodies of his Majesty's Opposition embalmed and stuffed with straw, put back into the seats of power and nailed there. Forty votes were recorded against every bill and the nation prospered. But one day a bill imposing a tax on warts was defeated--the members of the Government party had not been nailed to their seats! This so enraged the King that the Prime Minister was put to death, the parliament was dissolved with a battery of artillery, and government of the people, by the people, for the people perished from Ghargaroo.

OPTIMISM, n. The doctrine, or belief, that everything is beautiful, including what is ugly, everything good, especially the bad, and everything right that is wrong. It is held with greatest tenacity by

those most accustomed to the mischance of falling into adversity, and is most acceptably expounded with the grin that apes a smile. Being a blind faith, it is inaccessible to the light of disproof--an intellectual disorder, yielding to no treatment but death. It is hereditary, but fortunately not contagious.

OPTIMIST, n. A proponent of the doctrine that black is white.

A pessimist applied to God for relief.

"Ah, you wish me to restore your hope and cheerfulness," said God.

"No," replied the petitioner, "I wish you to create something that would justify them."

"The world is all created," said God, "but you have overlooked something--the mortality of the optimist."

ORATORY, n. A conspiracy between speech and action to cheat the understanding. A tyranny tempered by stenography.

ORPHAN, n. A living person whom death has deprived of the power of filial ingratitude--a privation appealing with a particular eloquence to all that is sympathetic in human nature. When young the orphan is commonly sent to an asylum, where by careful cultivation of its rudimentary sense of locality it is taught to know its place. It is then instructed in the arts of dependence and servitude and eventually turned loose to prey upon the world as a bootblack or scullery maid.

ORTHODOX, n. An ox wearing the popular religious joke.

ORTHOGRAPHY, n. The science of spelling by the eye instead of the ear. Advocated with more heat than light by the outmates of every asylum for the insane. They have had to concede a few things since the time of Chaucer, but are none the less hot in defence of those to be conceded hereafter.

A spelling reformer indicted
For fudge was before the court cicted.
The judge said: "Enough--
His candle we'll snough,
And his sepulchre shall not be whicted."

OSTRICH, n. A large bird to which (for its sins, doubtless) nature has denied that hinder toe in which so many pious naturalists have seen a conspicuous evidence of design. The absence of a good working pair of wings is no defect, for, as has been ingeniously pointed out, the ostrich does not fly.

OTHERWISE, adv. No better.

OUTCOME, n. A particular type of disappointment. By the kind of intelligence that sees in an exception a proof of the rule the wisdom of an act is judged by the outcome, the result. This is immortal nonsense; the wisdom of an act is to be judged by the light that the doer had when he performed it.

OUTDO, v.t. To make an enemy.

OUT-OF-DOORS, n. That part of one's environment upon which no government has been able to collect taxes. Chiefly useful to inspire poets.

I climbed to the top of a mountain one day
To see the sun setting in glory,
And I thought, as I looked at his vanishing ray,
Of a perfectly splendid story.

'Twas about an old man and the ass he bestrode
Till the strength of the beast was o'ertested;
Then the man would carry him miles on the road
Till Neddy was pretty well rested.

The moon rising solemnly over the crest
Of the hills to the east of my station
Displayed her broad disk to the darkening west
Like a visible new creation.

And I thought of a joke (and I laughed till I cried)
Of an idle young woman who tarried
About a church-door for a look at the bride,
Although 'twas herself that was married.

To poets all Nature is pregnant with grand
Ideas--with thought and emotion.
I pity the dunces who don't understand
The speech of earth, heaven and ocean.

Stromboli Smith

OVATION, n. In ancient Rome, a definite, formal pageant in honor of one who had been disserviceable to the enemies of the nation. A lesser "triumph." In modern English the word is improperly used to signify any loose and spontaneous expression of popular homage to the hero of the hour and place.

"I had an ovation!" the actor man said,
But I thought it uncommonly queer,
That people and critics by him had been led
By the ear.

The Latin lexicon makes his absurd
Assertion as plain as a peg;
In "ovum" we find the true root of the word.
It means egg.

Dudley Spink

THE BEGINNINGS OF OPERA

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Opera*, by R.A. Streatfeild

PERI--MONTEVERDE--CAVALLI--CESTI--CAMBERT--LULLI--PURCELL--
KEISER--SCARLATTI--HANDEL

The early history of many forms of art is wrapped in obscurity. Even in music, the youngest of the arts, the precise origin of many modern developments is largely a matter of conjecture. The history of opera, fortunately for the historian, is an exception to the rule. All the circumstances which combine to produce the idea of opera are known to us, and every detail of its genesis is established beyond the possibility of doubt.

The invention of opera partook largely of the nature of an accident. Late in the sixteenth century a few Florentine amateurs, fired with the enthusiasm for Greek art which was at that time the ruling passion of every cultivated spirit in Italy, set themselves the task of reconstructing the conditions of the Athenian drama. The result of their labours, regarded as an attempted revival of the lost glories of Greek tragedy, was a complete failure; but, unknown to themselves, they produced the germ of that art-form which, as years passed on, was destined, in their own country at least, to reign alone in the affections of the people, and to take the place, so far as the altered conditions permitted, of the national drama which they had fondly hoped to recreate.

The foundations of the new art-form rested upon the theory that the drama of the Greeks was throughout declaimed to a musical accompaniment. The reformers, therefore, dismissed spoken dialogue from their drama, and employed in its place a species of free declamation or recitative, which they called *musica parlante*. The first work in which the new style of composition was used was the 'Dafne' of Jacopo Peri, which was privately performed in 1597. No trace of this work survives, nor of the musical dramas by Emilio del Cavaliere and Vincenzo Galilei to which the closing years of the sixteenth century gave birth. But it is best to regard these privately performed works merely as experiments, and to date the actual foundation of opera from the year 1600, when a public performance of Peri's 'Euridice' was given at Florence in honour of the marriage of Maria de' Medici and Henry IV. of France. A few years later a printed edition of this work was published at Venice, a copy of which is now in the library of the British Museum, and in recent times it has been reprinted, so that those who are curious in these matters can study this protoplasmic opera at their leisure. Expect for a few bars of insignificant chorus, the whole work consists of the accompanied recitative, which was the invention of these Florentine reformers. The voices are accompanied by a violin, *chitarone* (a large guitar), *lira grande*, *liuto grosso*, and *gravicembalo* or harpsichord, which filled in the harmonies indicated by the figured bass. The instrumental portions of the work are poor and thin, and the chief beauty lies in the vocal part, which is often really pathetic and expressive. Peri evidently tried to give musical form to the ordinary inflections of the human voice, how successfully may be seen in the Lament of Orpheus which Mr. Morton Latham has reprinted in his 'Renaissance of Music,' The original edition of 'Euridice' contains an interesting preface, in which the composer sets forth the theory upon which he worked, and the aims which he had in view. It is too long to be reprinted here, but should be

read by all interested in the early history of opera.

With the production of 'Euridice' the history of opera may be said to begin; but if the new art-form had depended only upon the efforts of Peri and his friends, it must soon have languished and died. With all their enthusiasm, the little band of Florentines had too slight an acquaintance with the science of music to give proper effect to the ideas which they originated. Peri built the ship, but it was reserved for the genius of Claudio Monteverde to launch it upon a wider ocean than his predecessor could have dreamed of. Monteverde had been trained in the polyphonic school of Palestrina, but his genius had never acquiesced in the rules and restrictions in which the older masters delighted. He was a poor contrapuntist, and his madrigals are chiefly interesting as a proof of how ill the novel harmonies of which he was the discoverer accorded with the severe purity of the older school. But in the new art he found the field his genius required. What had been weakness and license in the madrigal became strength and beauty in the opera. The new wine was put into new bottles, and both were preserved. Monteverde produced his 'Arianna' in 1607, and his 'Orfeo' in 1608, and with these two works started opera upon the path of development which was to culminate in the works of Wagner. 'Arianna,' which, according to Marco da Gagliano, himself a rival composer of high ability, 'visibly moved all the theatre to tears,' is lost to us save for a few quotations; but 'Orfeo' is in existence, and has recently been reprinted in Germany. A glance at the score shows what a gulf separates this work from Peri's treatment of the same story. Monteverde, with his orchestra of thirty-nine instruments--brass, wood, and strings complete--his rich and brilliant harmonies, sounding so strangely beautiful to ears accustomed only to the severity of the polyphonic school, and his delicious and affecting melodies, sometimes rising almost to the dignity of an aria, must have seemed something more than human to the eager Venetians as they listened for the first time to music as rich in colour as the gleaming marbles of the Cà d'Oro or the radiant canvases of Titian and Giorgione.

The success of Monteverde had its natural result. He soon had pupils and imitators by the score. The Venetians speedily discovered that they had an inherent taste for opera, and the musicians of the day delighted to cater for it. Monteverde's most famous pupil was Cavalli, to whom may with some certainty be attributed an innovation which was destined to affect the future of opera very deeply. In his time, to quote Mr. Latham's 'Renaissance of Music,' 'the musica parlante of the earliest days of opera was broken up into recitative, which was less eloquent, and aria, which was more ornamental. The first appearance of this change is to be found in Cavalli's operas, in which certain rhythmical movements called "arias" which are quite distinct from the musica parlante, make their appearance. The music assigned by Monteverde to Orpheus when he is leading Eurydice back from the Shades is undoubtedly an air, but the situation is one to which an air is appropriate, and musica parlante would be inappropriate. If the drama had been a play to be spoken and not sung, there would not have been any incongruity in allotting a song to Orpheus, to enable Eurydice to trace him through the dark abodes of Hades. But the arias of Cavalli are not confined to such special situations, and recur frequently,' Cavalli had the true Venetian love of colour. In his hands the orchestra began to assume a new importance. His attempts to give musical expression to the sights and sounds of nature--the murmur of the sea, the rippling of the brook and the tempestuous fury of the winds--mark an interesting step in the history of orchestral development. With Marcantonio Cesti appears

another innovation of scarcely less importance to the history of opera than the invention of the aria itself--the da capo or the repetition of the first part of the aria in its entirety after the conclusion of the second part. However much the da capo may have contributed to the settlement of form in composition, it must be admitted that it struck at the root of all real dramatic effect, and in process of time degraded opera to the level of a concert. Cesti was a pupil of Carissimi, who is famous chiefly for his sacred works, and from him he learnt to prefer mere musical beauty to dramatic truth. Those of his operas which remain to us show a far greater command of orchestral and vocal resource than Monteverde or Cavalli could boast, but so far as real expression and sincerity are concerned, they are inferior to the less cultured efforts of the earlier musicians. It would be idle to attempt an enumeration of the Venetian composers of the seventeenth century and their works. Some idea of the musical activity which prevailed may be gathered from the fact that while the first public theatre was opened in 1637, before the close of the century there were no less than eleven theatres in the city devoted to the performance of opera alone.

Meanwhile the enthusiasm for the new art-form spread through the cities of Italy. According to an extant letter of Salvator Rosa's, opera was in full swing in Rome during the Carnival of 1652. The first opera of Provenzale, the founder of the Neapolitan school, was produced in 1658. Bologna, Milan, Parma, and other cities soon followed suit. France, too, was not behindhand, but there the development of the art soon deserved the name a new school of opera, distinct in many important particulars from its parent in Italy. The French nobles who saw the performance of Peri's 'Euridice' at the marriage of Henry IV. may have carried back tales of its splendour and beauty to their own country, but Paris was not as yet ripe for opera. Not until 1647 did the French Court make the acquaintance of the new art which was afterwards to win some of its most brilliant triumphs in their city. In that year a performance of Peri's 'Euridice' (which, in spite of newer developments, had not lost its popularity) was given in Paris under the patronage of Cardinal Mazarin. This was followed by Cavalli's 'Serse,' conducted by the composer himself. These performances quickened the latent genius of the French people, and Robert Cambert, the founder of their school, hastened to produce operas, which, though bearing traces of Italian influence, were nevertheless distinctively French in manner and method. His works, two of which are known to us, 'Pomone' and 'Les Peines et les Plaisirs de l'Amour,' were to a certain extent a development of the masques which had been popular in Paris for many years. They are pastoral and allegorical in subject, and are often merely a vehicle for fulsome adulation of the 'Roi Soleil.' But in construction they are operas pure and simple. There is no spoken dialogue, and the music is continuous from first to last. Cambert's operas were very successful, and in conjunction with his librettist Perrin he received a charter from the King in 1669, giving him the sole right of establishing opera-houses in the kingdom. Quarrels, however, ensued. Cambert and Perrin separated. The charter was revoked, or rather granted to a new-comer, Giovanni Battista Lulli, and Cambert, in disgrace, retired to England, where he died. Lulli (1633-1687) left Italy too young to be much influenced by the developments of opera in that country, and was besides too good a man of business to allow his artistic instinct to interfere with his chance of success. He found Cambert's operas popular in Paris, and instead of attempting any radical reforms, he adhered to the form which he found ready made, only developing the orchestra to an extent which was then unknown, and adding dignity and passion to the airs and recitatives. Lulli's industry was extraordinary. During the space of

fourteen years he wrote no fewer than twenty operas, conceived upon a grand scale, and produced with great magnificence. His treatment of recitative is perhaps his strongest point, for in spite of the beauty of one or two isolated songs, such as the famous 'Bois épais' in 'Amadis' and Charon's wonderful air in 'Alceste,' his melodic gift was not great, and his choral writing is generally of the most unpretentious description. But his recitative is always solid and dignified, and often impassioned and pathetic. Music, too, owes him a great debt for his invention of what is known as the French form of overture, consisting of a prelude, fugue, and dance movement, which was afterwards carried to the highest conceivable pitch of perfection by Handel.

Meanwhile an offshoot of the French school, transplanted to the banks of the Thames, had blossomed into a brief but brilliant life under the fostering care of the greatest musical genius our island has ever produced, Henry Purcell. Charles II. was not a profound musician, but he knew what sort of music he liked, and on one point his mind was made up--that he did not like the music of the elderly composers who had survived the Protectorate, and came forward at his restoration to claim the posts which they had held at his father's court. Christopher Gibbons, Child, and other relics of the dead polyphonic school were quietly dismissed to provincial organ-lofts, and Pelham Humphreys, the most promising of the 'Children of the Chapel Royal,' was sent over to Paris to learn all that was newest in music at the feet of Lulli. Humphreys came back, in the words of Pepys, 'an absolute Monsieur,' full of the latest theories concerning opera and music generally, and with a sublime contempt for the efforts of his stay-at-home colleagues. His own music shows the French influence very strongly, and in that of his pupil Henry Purcell (1658-1695) it may also be perceived, although coloured and transmuted by the intensely English character of Purcell's own genius. For many years it was supposed that Purcell's first and, strictly speaking, his only opera, 'Dido and Æneas,' was written by him at the age of seventeen and produced in 1675. Mr. Barclay Squire has now proved that it was not produced until much later, but this scarcely lessens the wonder of it, for Purcell can never have seen an opera performed, and his acquaintance with the new art-form must have been based upon Pelham Humphrey's account of the performances which he had seen in Paris. Possibly, too, he may have had opportunities of studying the engraved scores of some of Lulli's operas, which, considering the close intercourse between the courts of France and England, may have found their way across the Channel. 'Dido and Æneas' is now universally spoken of as the first English opera. Masques had been popular from the time of Queen Elizabeth onwards, which the greatest living poets and musicians had not disdained to produce, and Sir William Davenant had given performances of musical dramas 'after the manner of the Ancients' during the closing years of the Commonwealth, but it is probable that spoken dialogue occurred in all these entertainments, as it certainly did in Locke's 'Psyche,' Banister's 'Circe,' in fact, in all the dramatic works of this period which were wrongly described as operas. In 'Dido and Æneas,' on the contrary, the music is continuous throughout. Airs and recitatives, choruses and instrumental pieces succeed each other, as in the operas of the Italian and French schools. 'Dido and Æneas' was written for performance at a young ladies' school kept by one Josias Priest in Leicester Fields and afterwards at Chelsea. The libretto was the work of Nahum Tate, the Poet Laureate of the time. The opera is in three short acts, and Virgil's version of the story is followed pretty closely save for the intrusion of a sorceress and a chorus of witches who have sworn Dido's destruction and send a messenger to Æneas, disguised as Mercury, to hasten his departure. Dido's death

song, which is followed by a chorus of mourning Cupids, is one of the most pathetic scenes ever written, and illustrates in a forcible manner Purcell's beautiful and ingenious use of a ground-bass. The gloomy chromatic passage constantly repeated by the bass instruments, with ever-varying harmonies in the violins, paints such a picture of the blank despair of a broken heart as Wagner himself, with his immense orchestral resources, never surpassed. In the general construction of his opera Purcell followed the French model, but his treatment of recitative is bolder and more various than that of Lulli, while as a melodist he is incomparably superior. Purcell never repeated the experiment of 'Dido and Æneas.' Musical taste in England was presumably not cultivated enough to appreciate a work of so advanced a style. At any rate, for the rest of his life, Purcell wrote nothing for the theatre but incidental music. Much of this, notably the scores of 'Timon of Athens,' 'Bonduca,' and 'King Arthur,' is wonderfully beautiful, but in all of these works the spoken dialogue forms the basis of the piece, and the music is merely an adjunct, often with little reference to the main interest of the play. In 'King Arthur' occurs the famous 'Frost Scene,' the close resemblance of which to the 'Choeur de Peuples des Climats Glacés' in Lulli's 'Isis' would alone make it certain that Purcell was a careful student of the French school of opera.

Opera did not take long to cross the Alps, and early in the seventeenth century the works of Italian composers found a warm welcome at the courts of southern Germany. But Germany was not as yet ripe for a national opera. During the first half of the century there are records of one or two isolated attempts to found a school of German opera, but the iron heel of the Thirty Years' War was on the neck of the country, and art struggled in vain against overwhelming odds. The first German opera, strictly so called, was the 'Dafne' of Heinrich Schütz, the words of which were a translation of the libretto already used by Peri. Of this work, which was produced in 1627, all trace has been lost. 'Seelewig,' by Sigmund Staden, which is described as a 'Gesangweis auf italienische Art gesetzt,' was printed at Nuremberg in 1644, but there is no record of its ever having been performed. To Hamburg belongs the honour of establishing German opera upon a permanent basis. There, in 1678, some years before the production of Purcell's 'Dido and Æneas,' an opera-house was opened with a performance of a Singspiel entitled 'Der erschaffene, gefallene und aufgerichtete Mensch,' the music of which was composed by Johannn Theile. Three other works, all of them secular, were produced in the same year. The new form of entertainment speedily became popular among the rich burghers of the Free City, and composers were easily found to cater for their taste.

For many years Hamburg was the only German town where opera found a permanent home, but there the musical activity must have been remarkable. Reinhard Keiser (1673-1739), the composer whose name stands for what was best in the school, is said alone to have produced no fewer than a hundred and sixteen operas. Nearly all of these works have disappeared, and those that remain are for the most part disfigured by the barbarous mixture of Italian and German which was fashionable at Hamburg and in London too at that time. The singers were possibly for the most part Italians, who insisted upon singing their airs in their native language, though they had no objection to using German for the recitatives, in which there was no opportunity for vocal display. Keiser's music lacks the suavity of the Italian school, but his recitatives are vigorous and powerful, and seem to foreshadow the triumphs which the German school was afterwards to win in declamatory music. The earliest operas of Handel (1685-1759) were written for

Hamburg, and in the one of them which Fate has preserved for us, 'Almira' (1704), we see the Hamburg school at its finest. In spite of the ludicrous mixture of German and Italian there is a good deal of dramatic power in the music, and the airs show how early Handel's wonderful gift of melody had developed. The chorus has very little to do, but a delightful feature of the work is to be found in the series of beautiful dance-tunes lavishly scattered throughout it. One of these, a Sarabande, was afterwards worked up into the famous air, 'Lascia ch' io pianga,' in 'Rinaldo.' When the new Hamburg Opera-House was opened in 1874, it was inaugurated by a performance of 'Almira,' which gave musicians a unique opportunity of realising to some extent what opera was like at the beginning of the eighteenth century. In 1706 Handel left Hamburg for the purpose of prosecuting his studies in Italy. There he found the world at the feet of Alessandro Scarlatti (1659-1725), a composer whose importance to the history of opera can scarcely be over-estimated. He is said, like Cesti, to have been a pupil of Carissimi, though, as the latter died in 1674, at the age of seventy, he cannot have done much more than lay the foundation of his pupil's greatness. The invention of the da capo is generally attributed to Scarlatti, wrongly, as has already been shown, since it appears in Cesti's opera 'La Dori,' which was performed in 1663. But it seems almost certain that Scarlatti was the first to use accompanied recitative, a powerful means of dramatic expression in the hands of all who followed him, while his genius advanced the science of instrumentation to a point hitherto unknown.

Nevertheless, Scarlatti's efforts were almost exclusively addressed to the development of the musical rather than the dramatic side of opera, and he is largely responsible for the strait-jacket of convention in which opera was confined during the greater part of the eighteenth century, in fact until it was released by the genius of Gluck.

Handel's conquest of Italy was speedy and decisive. 'Rodrigo,' produced at Florence in 1707, made him famous, and 'Agrippina' (Venice, 1708) raised him almost to the rank of a god. At every pause in the performance the theatre rang with shouts of 'Viva il caro Sassone,' and the opera had an unbroken run of twenty-seven nights, a thing till then unheard of. It did not take Handel long to learn all that Italy could teach him. With his inexhaustible fertility of melody and his complete command of every musical resource then known, he only needed to have his German vigour tempered by Italian suppleness and grace to stand forth as the foremost operatic composer of the age. His Italian training and his theatrical experience gave him a thorough knowledge of the capabilities of the human voice, and the practical common-sense which was always one of his most striking characteristics prevented him from ever treating it from the merely instrumental point of view, a pitfall into which many of the great composers have fallen. He left Italy for London in 1710, and produced his 'Rinaldo' at the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket the following year. It was put upon the stage with unexampled magnificence, and its success was prodigious. 'Rinaldo' was quickly followed by such succession of masterpieces as put the ancient glories of the Italian stage to shame. Most of them were produced at the Haymarket Theatre, either under Handel's own management or under the auspices of a company known as the Royal Academy of Music. Handel's success made him many enemies, and he was throughout his career the object of innumerable plots on the part of disappointed and envious rivals. The most active of these was Buononcini, himself a composer of no mean ability, though eclipsed by the genius of Handel. Buononcini's machinations were so far successful--though he himself was compelled to leave England in disgrace

for different reasons--that in 1741, after the production of his 'Deidamia,' Handel succumbed to bankruptcy and a severe attack of paralysis. After this he wrote no more for the stage, but devoted himself to the production of those oratorios which have made his name famous wherever the English language is spoken.

In spite of their transcendent beauties, the form of Handel's operas has long banished them from the stage. Handel, with all his genius, was not one of the great revolutionists of the history of music. He was content to bring existing forms to the highest possible point of perfection, without seeking to embark upon new oceans of discovery. Opera in his day consisted of a string of airs connected by recitative, with an occasional duet, and a chorus to bring down the curtain at the end of the work. The airs were, as a rule, fully accompanied. Strings, hautboys, and bassoons formed the groundwork of the orchestra. If distinctive colouring or sonority were required, the composer used flutes, horns, harps, and trumpets, while to gain an effect of a special nature, he would call in the assistance of lutes and mandolins, or archaic instruments such as the viola da gamba, violetta marina, cornetto and theorbo. The *recitativo secco* was accompanied by the harpsichord, at which the composer himself presided. The *recitativo stromentato*, or accompanied recitative, was only used to emphasise situations of special importance. Handel's incomparable genius infused so much dramatic power into this meagre form, that even now the truth and sincerity of his songs charm us no less than their extraordinary melodic beauty. But it is easy to see that in the hands of composers less richly endowed, this form was fated to degenerate into a mere concert upon the stage. The science of vocalisation was cultivated to such a pitch of perfection that composers were tempted, and even compelled, to consult the tastes of singers rather than dramatic truth. Handel's successors, such as Porpora and Hasse, without a tithe of his genius, used such talent as they possessed merely to exhibit the vocal dexterity of popular singers in the most agreeable light. The favourite form of entertainment in these degraded times was the *pasticcio*, a hybrid production composed of a selection of songs from various popular operas, often by three or four different composers, strung together regardless of rhyme or reason. Even in Handel's lifetime the older school of opera was tottering to its fall. Only the man was needed who should sweep the mass of insincerity from the stage and replace it by the purer ideal which had been the guiding spirit of Peri and Monteverde.

Songs from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Negro Folk Rhymes*, by Thomas W. Talley

ON TOP OF THE POT

Wild goose gallop an' gander trot;
Walk about, Mistiss, on top o' de pot!

Hog jowl bilin', an' tunnap greens hot,
Walk about, Billie, on top o' de pot!

Chitlins, hog years, all on de spot,
Walk about, ladies, on top o' de pot!

OFF FROM RICHMOND

I'se off from Richmon' sooner in de mornin'.
I'se off from Richmon' bef[=o]' de break o' day.
I slips off from Mosser widout pass an' warnin'
Fer I mus' see my Donie wharever she may stay.

OLD MOLLY HARE

Ole Molly har'!
What's you doin' thar?
"I'se settin' in de fence corner, smokin' seegyar."

Ole Molly har'!
What's you doin' thar?
"I'se pickin' out a br'or, settin' on a Pricky-p'ar."

Ole Molly har'!
What's you doin' thar?
"I'se gwine cross de Cotton Patch, hard as I can t'ar."

Molly har' to-day,
So dey all say,
Got her pipe o' clay, jes to smoke de time 'way.

"De dogs say 'boo!'
An' dey barks too,
I hain't got no time fer to talk to you."

ONE NEGRO TUNE USED WITH "AN OPOSSUM HUNT"

[music]

AN OPOSSUM HUNT

'Possum meat is good an' sweet,
I always finds it good to eat.
My dog tree, I went to see.
A great big 'possum up dat tree.
I retch up an' pull him in,
Den dat ole 'possum 'gin to grin.

I tuck him home an' dressed him off,
Dat night I laid him in de fros'.
De way I cooked dat 'possum sound,
I fust parboiled, den baked him brown.
I put sweet taters in de pan,
'Twus de bigges' eatin' in de lan'.

OLD GRAY MINK

I once did think dat I would sink,
But you know I wus dat ole gray mink.

Dat ole gray mink jes couldn' die,
W'en he thought about good chicken pie.

He swum dat creek above de mill,
An' he's killing an' eatin' chicken still.

OUR OLD MULE

We had an ole mule an' he wouldn' go "gee";
So I knocked 'im down wid a single-tree.
To daddy dis wus some mighty bad news,
So he made me jump up an' outrun de Jews.

OLD AUNT KATE

Jes look at Ole Aunt Kate at de gyardin gate!
She's a good ole 'oman.
W'en she sift 'er meal, she give me de husk;
W'en she cook 'er bread, she give me de crust.
She put de hosses in de stable;
But one jump out, an' skin his nable.
Jes look at Ole Aunt Kate at de gyardin gate!
Still she's always late.

Hurrah fer Ole Aunt Kate by de gyardin gate!
She's a fine ole 'oman.
Git down dat sifter, take down dat tray!
Go 'long, Honey, dere hain't no udder way!
She put on dat hoe cake, she went 'round de house.
She cook dat 'Possum, an' she call 'im a mouse!
Hurrah fer Ole Aunt Kate by de gyardin gate!
She's a fine playmate.

OCTOBER.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poetical Works* of William Cullen Bryant

Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath!
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
Wind of the sunny south! oh, still delay
In the gay woods and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age released from care,
Journeying, in long serenity, away.
In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life like thee, mid bowers and brooks,
And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices ever nigh;
And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.

One Day

The Project Gutenberg Etext of Rupert Brooke's Collected Poems

Today I have been happy. All the day
I held the memory of you, and wove
Its laughter with the dancing light o' the spray,
And sowed the sky with tiny clouds of love,
And sent you following the white waves of sea,
And crowned your head with fancies, nothing worth,
Stray buds from that old dust of misery,
Being glad with a new foolish quiet mirth.

So lightly I played with those dark memories,
Just as a child, beneath the summer skies,
Plays hour by hour with a strange shining stone,
For which (he knows not) towns were fire of old,
And love has been betrayed, and murder done,
And great kings turned to a little bitter mould.

The Pacific, October 1913

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